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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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ROSES FOR THE 'OLD AND BOLD.' With colours rose-bedecked, the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers celebrated their regimental day on April 23 in Cairo. A battalion, wearing roses in their caps, marched to All Saints Cathedral. The colours were handed to Bishop Gwynne, who placed them on the altar. After the ceremony the battalion marched past the G.O.C.-in-C., Lieut.-General R. G. Stone. The colour bearers are (left) Lt. W. Sanderson and 2nd Lt. F. Ward, M.C.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

BUT JAPAN'S FEET MAY STILL BE OF CLAY . . .

In less than five months, as Dr. H. V. Evatt, Australia's representative to this country, recently reminded us in a Sunday night "postscript," Japan has acquired a new empire. Starting from that grim day in last December, when the United States Navy suffered at Pearl Harbour the heaviest losses in its history, the Japanese have marched along a road of almost uninterrupted conquest. Guam and Wake were captured, and soon after Hongkong; then the Philippines were engulfed by the Japanese tide, which swept on over Singapore, Britain's principal base in the Far East, and the immensely rich islands of the Dutch Empire in the East Indies. Soon it had swamped the wharves of Rangoon and was foaming furiously up the valleys of Burma. India was directly threatened, and British sea power in the Pacific and the Bay of Bengal was dealt staggering blows. Nothing, it seemed, could stop the mighty avalanche; from Chittagong to New Guinea, from Shanghai to Darwin, the hordes of the yellow men swept on in triumph.

All this must be very surprising to those who hold the belief that the white races are the divinely-appointed masters of the world's destinies. Never, indeed, has the white man's prestige in the Orient sunk so low as in the last few months and weeks. Forty years ago the Japanese showed that they were as good as the Russians; now they have defeated British and Dutch, Australians and Americans, too.

Obviously amongst us, too, a revaluation of Japan's power and position is an urgent necessity. Unfortunately, such is the darkening and mystifying influence of race, culture, religion and geographical distance, that it is difficult in the extreme for us to think objectively of Japan and the Japanese. Few of us have ever known a Japanese; fewer still have ever set foot in Japan, while the number of those who, though they may have passed years in the country, have penetrated into the medieval fastnesses of the Japanese home, is infinitesimal. Even when the Japanese were our allies, as they were from 1902 until 1922, they were separated from us by immense barriers of which distance was by no means the principal component. Of course, we knew them in those days to be vigorous, efficient and desperately brave; but what *could* you make of a people whose statesman or military commanders, when they made a mistake or fell out of the Emperor's favour, saved their honour by committing ceremonial suicide? Now the Japanese are our enemies; and difficult as it was to understand them when they were our friends, it is far more difficult when the machinations of the war lords of Tokyo have made them our foes.

But in the matter of Japanese war aims there ought to be little room for misunderstanding. Years ago we were warned of what was coming if the militarists got control and were able to secure the Emperor's semi-religious authority for their designs. It was in 1927 that Baron Giichi Tanaka, at that time Premier of Japan and Minister of War, drew up a "memorial" after a conference at Mukden in what was still Manchuria with other Japanese leaders. This was formally presented to Emperor Hirohito, who had just succeeded to the throne on his father's death, and though Tanaka fell from power in 1929, the Memorial rapidly assumed among the Japanese the same fame and force as Hitler's *Mein Kampf* had secured in Germany. Often Japanese spokesmen, anxious to conciliate the West for the time being, have denied its authenticity—even its existence—but the best evidence of both may be said to lie in the course of events, which have shown that it contained some pretty accurate prophecy.

For what was the Memorial? Nothing less than the blueprints of Japanese conquest. Step by step Tanaka plans the absorption of Manchuria, the economic penetration and political domination of China. "Having China's entire resources at our disposal we shall proceed to conquer India, the Archipelago of the Dutch East Indies, Asia Minor, Central Asia and even Europe." In another passage Tanaka says, "In order to conquer the world, we must first conquer China. If we succeed in conquering China, the rest of the Asiatic countries and the South Sea countries will fear us and surrender to us. Then the world will realize that Eastern Asia is ours, and will not dare to violate our rights. This was the plan left to us by Emperor Meiji, the success of which is essential to our national existence."

That was in 1927. But only the other day another clue to Japan's aggressive intentions fell into the hands of our Chinese allies—a Japanese map of what is euphemistically called "the Co-prosperity Sphere," though the only prosperous ones within it are likely to be the Japanese. According to this map the Co-prosperity Sphere embraces the whole continent of Asia with the exception of Arabia, a huge area in the Pacific, and the northern coasts of Australia. "Although it seems the dream of a lunatic," said a Chinese Government spokesman at Chungking, "the map deserves our attention because it represents the settled national policy of Japan in the same way as the notorious Tanaka Memorial which served as a blueprint of Japanese expansion."

JAPAN'S DREAM OF EMPIRE as shown in a map which has reached the Chinese Government. Within its boundary are found most of the U.S.S.R., all China, India, Iran and Northern Australia. Areas marked in black are Nippon's empire—at present. *By courtesy of the Daily Herald*

Looking at the changes which the last few months have brought to the map of the Pacific area, we cannot but admit that Japan has taken many a big step towards the realization of her colossal dreams. But once again we must remind ourselves to think objectively. In years gone by we have belittled the Japanese; our experts told us that their planes were no good, their tanks were old-fashioned and their warships top-heavy, while their financial system was most shockingly unsound. "Made in Japan," which we saw so often on the gimcracks which crowded the counters of the chain stores, became a by-word amongst us: where we went wrong was in thinking that everything that was "made in Japan," and more particularly those things which have definitely military value, was just shoddy. Yes, we belittled Japan; we seriously underestimated the Japanese. But in the hour of their triumph we must be on our guard lest we allow the balance to swing to the other extreme. The Japs are no supermen.

Up to now the advantages have been all theirs. In the first place they are fighting on interior lines. Japan is a Far Eastern power, and to the battlefields in the Far East she can get most easily the most men, the most ships, the most guns, the most planes—and get there first. Then, for more than a thousand years Japan has been a military state, and whatever the fine-seeming facade of modern liberalism, the war lords are the real masters of the state. For years Japan has been stripped for war; her people, never accustomed to a high standard of living, have become inured to privation. They believe what they are taught—that they must win this war if Japan is to have and to keep a place in the sun. Even more than Nazi Germany, Japan has prepared for war, for this war.

Then there is the question of morale. We have often been defeated in the past, but we console ourselves with the reflection that we always win the last battle. The Japanese require no such consolation. They expect to win not only the last battle but *all* the battles; and it is a fact worth remembering that the Japanese army—and the Japanese navy, too—has never admitted defeat. Even in China, where the "incident" has become a four-years' war, it is becoming increasingly probable that Japan has never gone "all out." Finally, there is the question of surprise. We do not know what havoc was caused at Pearl Harbour last December 7, but this at least is known, that the Americans were caught napping. Surprise is a great and powerful weapon—but it cannot be used indefinitely.

So that is the position today. Japan is at the top of her form. She is on the crest of a mighty wave of victories. But even the biggest wave must subside, every wave has its trough. It is no wishful thinking to declare that every day that passes must add to Japan's difficulties and dangers. As the American commentator, Nathaniel Peffer, says: "Despite all present appearances Japan is too big for her boots and she will stumble before she has gone much further."

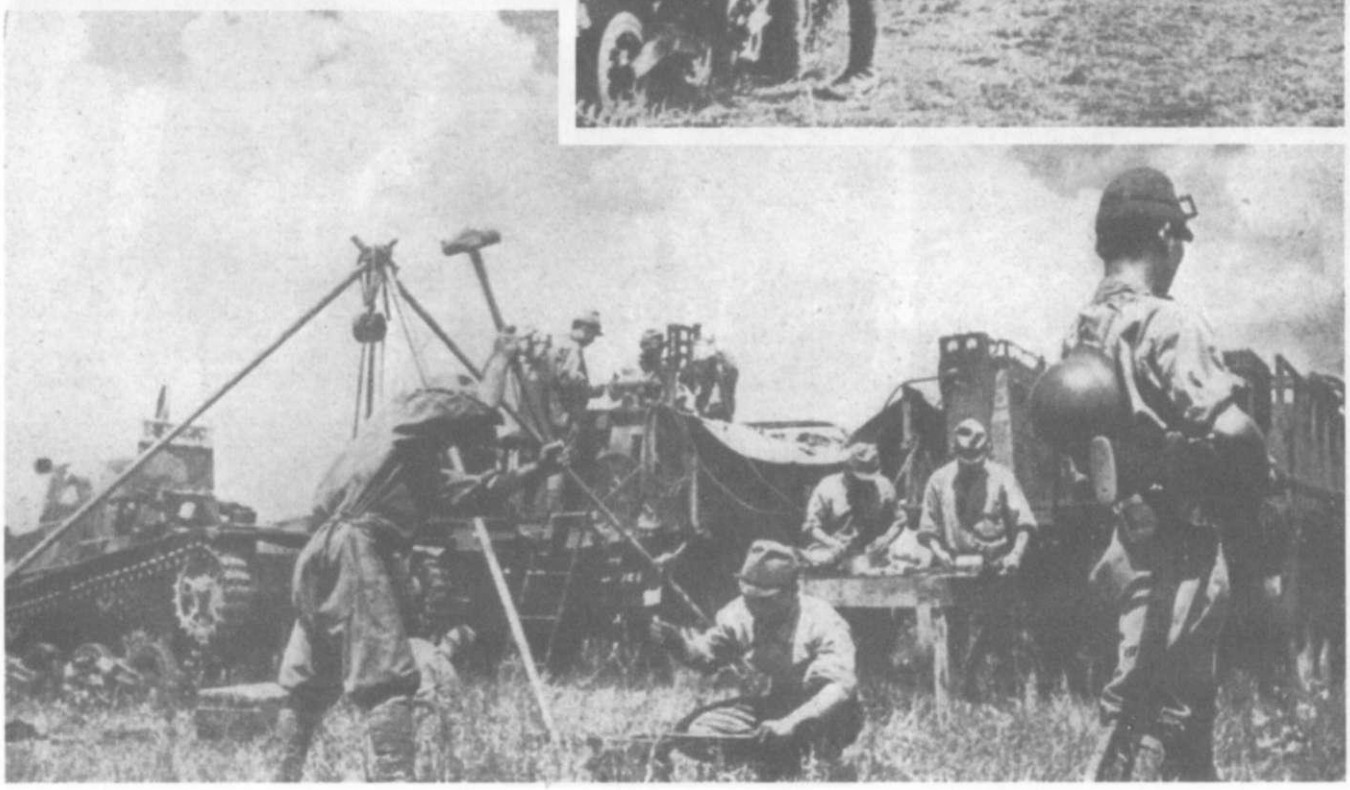
E. Royston Pike

Japanese Tanks at the Front in China

PEACE AND WAR are curiously symbolized by the juxtaposition of these light Japanese tanks with the old Chinese gate. The "yellow Nazis" have been forcing the gates of China for over five years now, but in spite of their superior military strength victory eludes them.

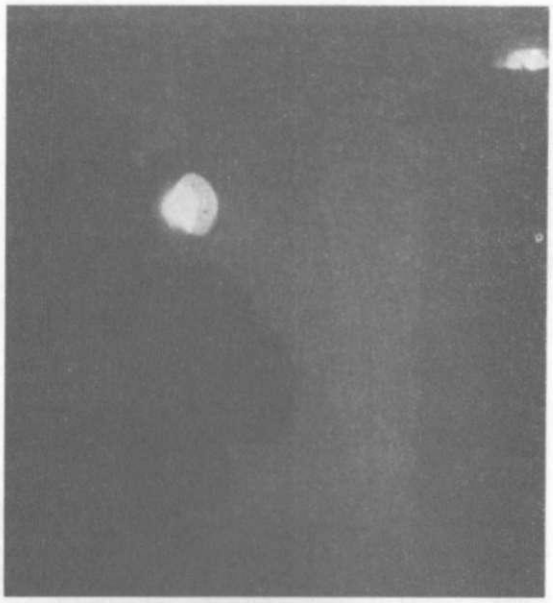
IN NORTH CHINA Japanese army tanks in a victory parade (above). Tanks line up for inspection (right), and, beneath, mechanics servicing tanks while the crews stand on guard. At the end of May the Japanese were concentrating for yet another major offensive against China, in the province of Chekiang, south of Shanghai.

Photos, Pictorial Press



Green Flash: Off Goes the Heavy Bomber

INSIDE A HALIFAX aircraft of Bomber Command the bomb-aimer is at his post. Beneath, an engineer at the dials which record the pulses of the four engines.

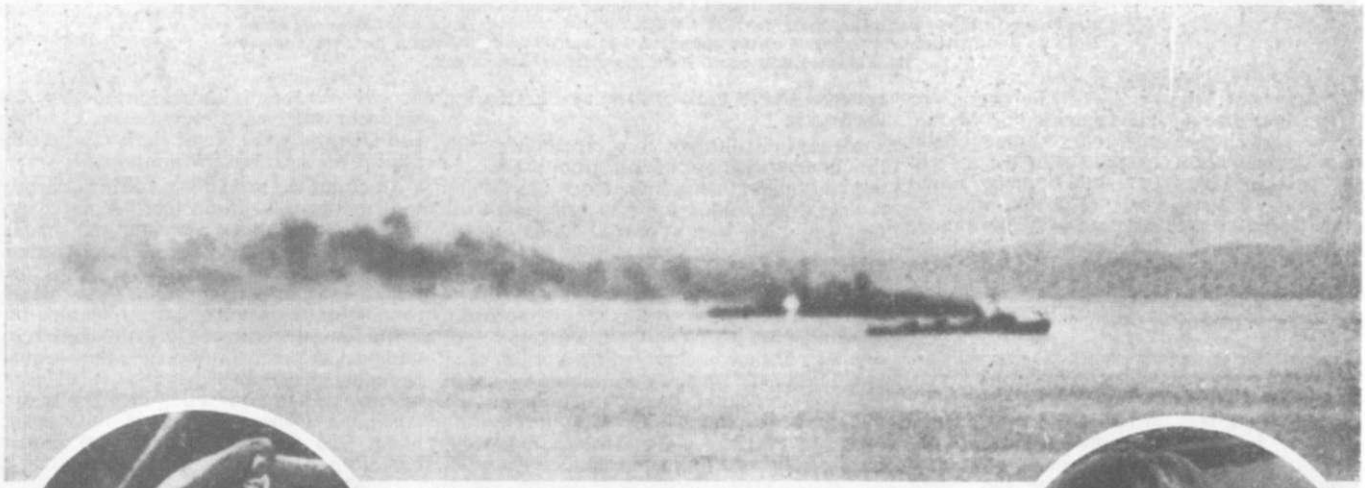


In the nocturnal gloom of the aerodrome, the control officer stands with his Aldis lamp. When the pilot sees the green flash, he takes off for his night excursion over enemy territory.

With one blade of her propeller shot away, the rear turret badly damaged, all the instruments gone except the altimeter and rate-of-climb indicator, no brake-pressure, no flaps, no air speed indicator, and two wheels hanging down with flat tires, this Wellington was brought back from a raid on Kiel by a Canadian R.A.F. Squadron Commander. The aircraft skimmed the water at twenty feet, being unable to rise higher, and was crash landed without anyone being hurt. In this photograph the commander is seen, with his observer, examining the damaged propeller.

Photos, British Official

Has Prinz Eugen Lived to Fight Another Day?



PRINZ EUGEN, attacked by torpedo- and bomb-carrying aircraft on May 17, is here seen on that occasion steaming southwards along the Norwegian coast with a protecting destroyer emitting heavy smoke.

F. Lt. PETT, who took part in the attack. He was awarded the D.F.C. for a similar exploit when the Prinz Eugen forced her way through the Channel on Feb. 12.

PRINZ EUGEN, the German light cruiser, would appear, like Hitler, to have the most diabolical luck. After the R.A.F. torpedo and bomb attack on May 17 near Trondheim, she escaped to Kiel, but, judging by her reduced speed and the fact that she has gone into dock for repairs, some of our missiles took effect.

Reconnaissance discovered the Nazi cruiser running southwards off Lister, on the south-west coast of Norway, escorted by four destroyers. Beauforts with torpedoes and Hudsons with bombs struck against terrific opposition from enemy fighters and heavy flak. Squadron-Leader Dinsdale went in low, let go his torpedo and saw a column of smoke leap up from the stern of the Nazi cruiser. There was an explosion fifteen seconds later, and a sergeant pilot saw a sheet of flame envelop the ship. The escorting destroyers were raked from stem to stern with cannon and machine-gun fire at the closest possible range. Five Me.109s were destroyed and a number of others were damaged

Sqdn.-Ldr. J. DINSDALE, who reported that he saw smoke coming out of the German cruiser after he had dropped his torpedo.

BEAUFORT CREW preparing to take off (centre). Above, a Beaufort pilot describing how his torpedo was seen to run towards the Nazi cruiser.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Another Beaufort pilot making a report to the Intelligence Officer on his return from the attack. Left, the scene of the engagement.

Map by courtesy of The Daily Telegraph

Madagascar: The Taking of Diego Suarez

Lying athwart the lines of communication of the United Nations from the Cape to India, from the Persian Gulf to Australia, the great Vichy-French island of Madagascar must have suggested itself as a most tempting objective to the Japanese. But early in May Britain took steps to see that Madagascar should not be another Indo-China.

TOWARDS the end of February, or may be at the beginning of March, a British Expeditionary Force set sail from these shores, charged with the task of occupying Madagascar—that great island lying off the east coast of Africa which it was feared the government of Vichy-France might be persuaded, or compelled, to relinquish to the Japanese, just as Indo-China was relinquished a year before with results so disastrous to the United Nations in the Far East.

For more than two months the expedition, under the command of Rear-Admiral Syfret, with Maj.-Gen. R. G. Sturges as commander of the troops, was on its way; but at dawn on May 5 it arrived at the appointed time and without any loss at the appointed place—Courier Bay, just to the west of the northernmost tip of Madagascar. At seven a.m. a note was sent to the French authorities containing certain proposals made with a view to secure their cooperation and to avoid bloodshed. The territory of Madagascar, it was declared, would remain French, and would be restored to French sovereignty after the war. Those members of the civil and military organizations who were prepared to cooperate with the United Nations would be guaranteed their salaries and pensions; while those who did not wish to cooperate might claim to be repatriated to France when ships were available.

Moreover, the British commanders announced that it was the intention of the United Nations to extend to Madagascar every economic benefit accorded to French territories which had already decided to join the Allies. Reasonable though these terms were, M. Annet, the Governor-General, found it possible to describe them as a demand for unconditional surrender; and as such, his reply was, "We will defend ourselves to the end."

Already the attack had been ordered. But before the fleet—stated by the French to comprise at first two cruisers, four destroyers, two transports, and an aircraft carrier; later the figure of ships grew to twenty-three—could enter Courier Bay the approaches had to be swept, since they had been heavily mined. The minesweeping operations were carried out with efficiency and expedition, but while they were in progress the corvette H.M.S. Auricula (Lt.-Cdr. S. L. B. Maybury, R.N.) struck a mine and subsequently sank. Once the way was clear the task of putting ashore the troops, their vehicles and stores was carried out with utmost dispatch, in spite of a marked deterioration in the weather. According to the French authorities the British force numbered about 20,000 men; the latest information concerning the French garrison made it number 1,500 Europeans and 3,000 Senegalese troops and Madagascar native levies.

Meanwhile, to create a diversion, a British light cruiser took up position off the entrance to Diego Suarez Bay, and at 5 a.m. she lit tar-barrels, raised smoke and fired star-shells. Then as soon as it was light, naval carrier-borne aircraft opened the attack. Their targets, according to a Vichy announcement, were the aerodrome, the port of Diego Suarez, and some French naval units which were lying in the harbour. Four French warships—the auxiliary cruiser Bougainville, two submarines, and the sloop D'Entrecasteaux—were sunk or driven ashore during the attack.

Meanwhile, Sturges was proceeding with the disembarkation of his troops and armoured units in Courier Bay. Zero-hour for the Commandos was 5.30 a.m., and their first objective was a coastal battery overlooking the Bay; this was captured very soon by the special service troops and a company of the East Lancashire Regiment. The garrison of the battery was taken by surprise, since all were asleep with the exception of one man engaged in preparing morning tea; apparently the French were of the view that no large ship could succeed in navigating the dangerous channels and reefs during the hours of darkness. Once they had landed, the troops pressed on from Courier Bay eastwards across the isthmus along a road, or rather track, which leads from the mangrove swamps of the beach, through thick jungle and tall grass, to Diego Suarez. By four in the afternoon the town was in their hands.

Though not taken in Madagascar, this photo well exemplifies the dash shown by the little party of Royal Marines who, as is told in this page, played so gallant and daring a part in the taking of Diego Suarez. *Photo, Topical Press*

Meanwhile, another force, including the Royal Welch Fusiliers, Royal Scots Fusiliers, East Lancashire Regiment and South Lancashire Regiment, had landed at Ambararata Bay, and they too pressed eastwards, supported by tanks. They reached the tiny village of Mangoky, some six miles inland, without opposition; but at about eleven a.m. the advance troops were held up by the defence on high ground some five miles south-west of Antsirana. Shortly afterwards an attack was launched, but the position was not finally cleared until evening. By six p.m. the British were in contact with a strongly defended position across the isthmus of Andrakaka which links the naval base on the peninsula opposite the town of Diego Suarez with the mainland. At 5.30 next morning (May 6) the defences lying about two miles south of Antsirana were attacked; but the attack failed, owing to heavy cross-fire from well-sighted 75s and machine-guns. Snipers, too, concealed in the thick, knee-high grass and in the banks of deep ravines, took heavy toll. The advance was checked until later in the day when reinforcements were brought up. Darkness had fallen when at about eight p.m. the final assault on Antsirana was launched.

At about the same time a British destroyer took on board a little force of fifty Royal Marines from another warship, and made a spectacularly daring dash for Antsirana. Going at full speed, her 4·7 in. guns, pom-poms, Oerlikons and machine-guns blazing at the French batteries which guarded the half-mile-wide entrance to the harbour at Orangea, she successfully entered the harbour, negotiated the minefields with which it was strewn, and came up alongside the quay of Antsirana in the darkness of the tropical night. And this was done without a single casualty and without any damage to the destroyer.

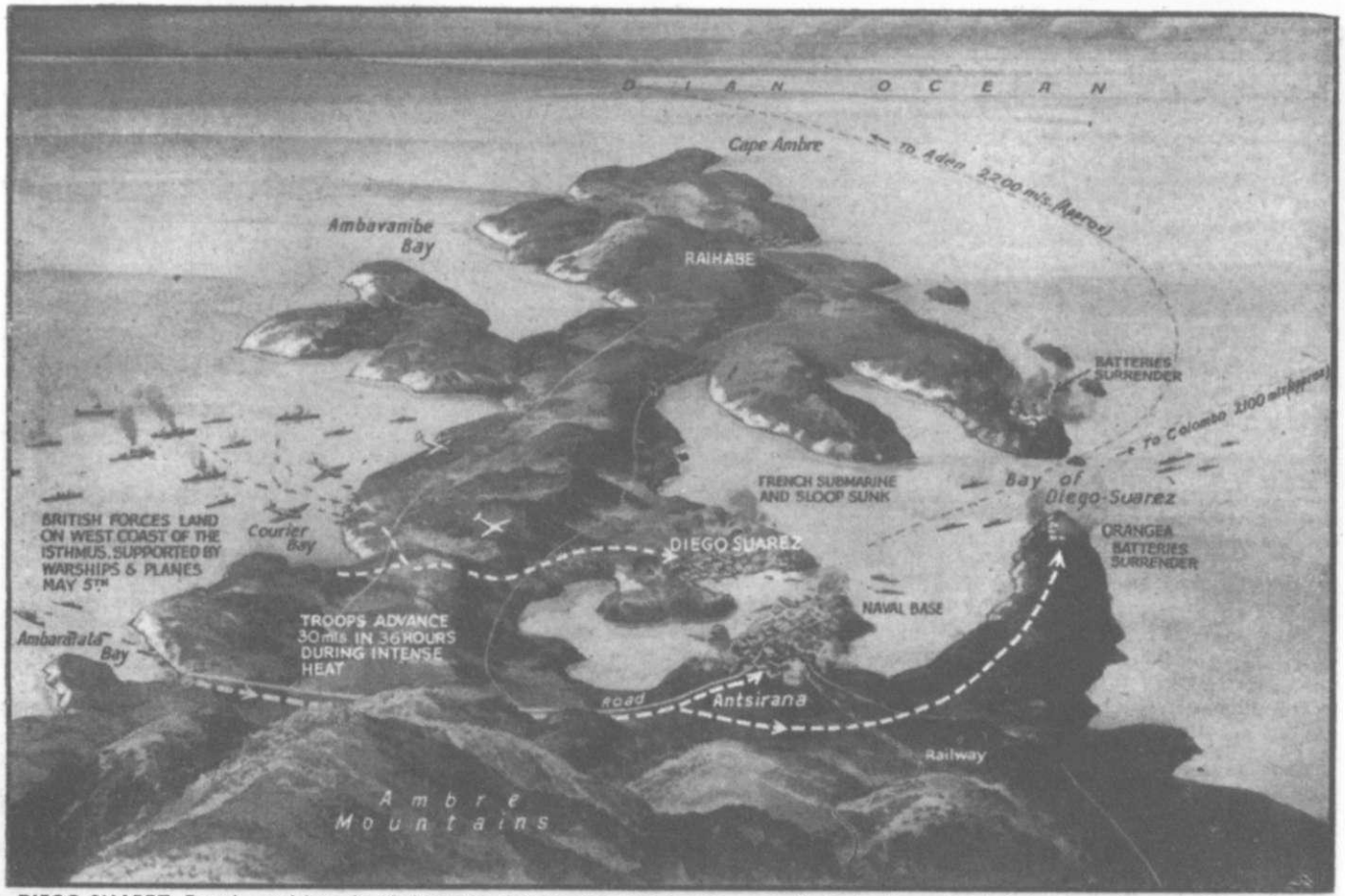
Armed with tommy-guns and grenades, the Marines leapt on to the quay covered by the fire of a destroyer's pom-poms and machine-guns. "Their numbers were so small," wrote a Special Correspondent of The Daily Telegraph who accompanied the expedition, "that in cold print their orders read like those of a suicide squad." Actually, however, there was only one casualty; one of the Marines was accidentally shot in the leg by a comrade. Rushing across the quay the attackers came to the high wall of the naval barracks and began tossing their grenades over. Such was the noise and alarm they created that the French officer appeared immediately with the white flag of surrender. In the darkness the Marines' commanding officer ordered the whole barracks to muster on the parade ground, where, in the hurry and darkness, it was impossible to make a thorough search for arms. Only seven Marines could be spared to guard their prisoners, whose numbers proved to be no fewer than 400.

While the Marines were creating this diversion, dashing into the town from the quay, the British troops were attacking strongly from the land side. They met with strong initial opposition, but this they eventually overcame. In the early stages of their assault our troops relieved several pockets of British resistance which had been formed inside the enemy's lines by the rapid infiltration of our advance troops during the attack that morning. As a result it was found that our casualties were far lighter than had at first been feared. The combined assault from land and sea secured the prompt surrender of Antsirana during the night. At two a.m. on May 7 the French naval and military commanders, with the civil administration, surrendered to the British brigadier in charge of the assaulting troops.

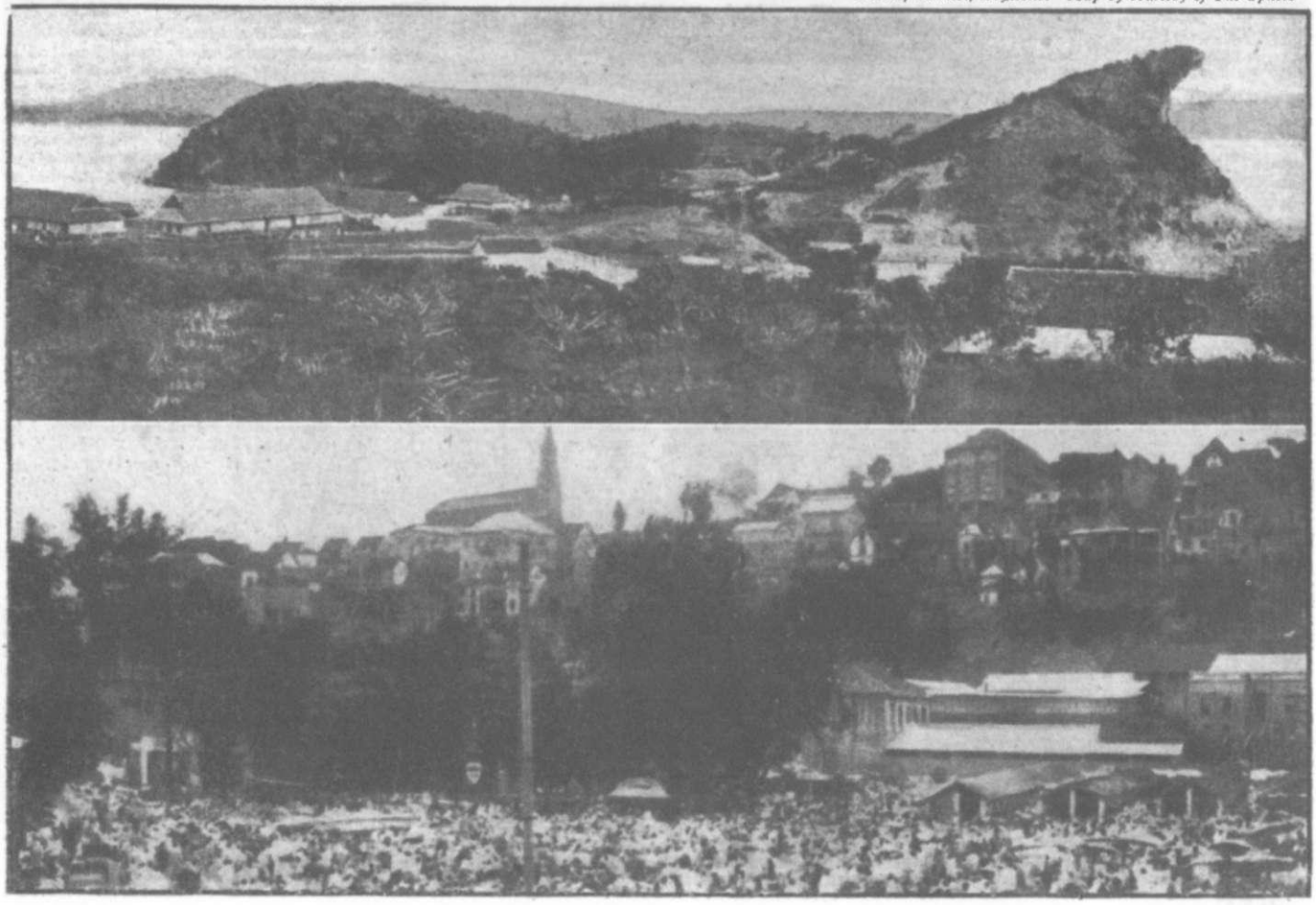
Later in the day the coast defence batteries and defensive positions on the Orangea peninsula surrendered, being granted the usual honours of war. That afternoon (May 7) ships of Admiral Syfret's force, preceded by minesweepers, entered Diego Suarez harbour. An armistice was promptly concluded, by the terms of which the French military governor surrendered the Diego Suarez area to Admiral Syfret, all the batteries and forts were occupied by British troops, and the French forces were rounded up and disarmed.

The British casualties were stated to be much smaller than had been anticipated at first: it was believed that about 350 wounded and perhaps under a hundred had been killed.

France's Great Island Saved for Freedom

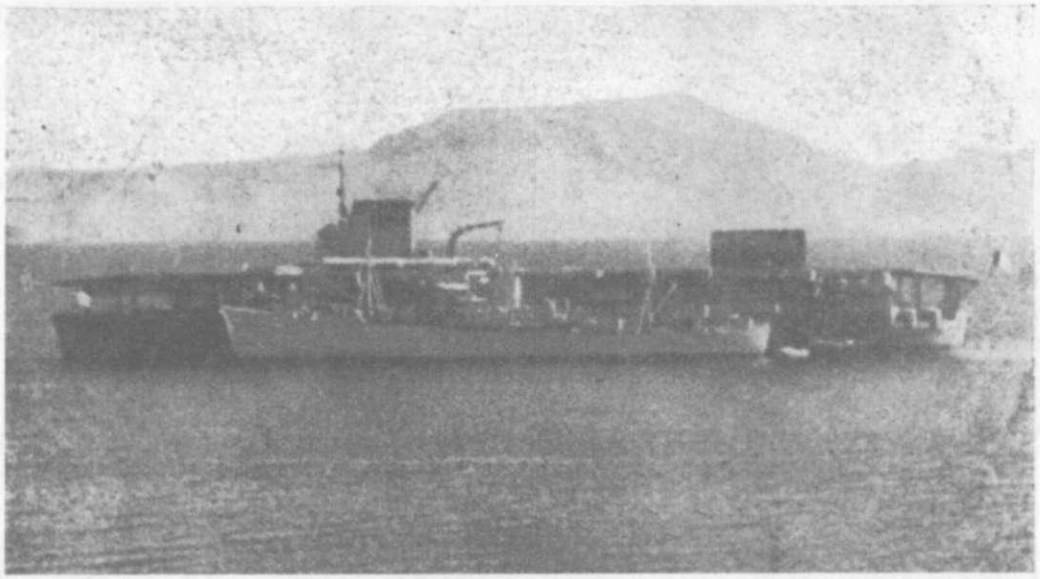


DIEGO SUAREZ, French naval base in Madagascar, showing how the fortress was attacked. Immediately below is a view near Diego Suarez showing the Caserne des Disciplinaires Coloniaux and, on the right, the military hospital. The bottom photograph is of one of the principal streets in Antananarivo, capital of Madagascar. *Photos, E.N.A., Keystone. Map by courtesy of The Sphere*



Will They Always Lie Becalmed at Martinique?

Adm. Georges ROBERT, supreme authority on the French colonial island of Martinique, West Indies.



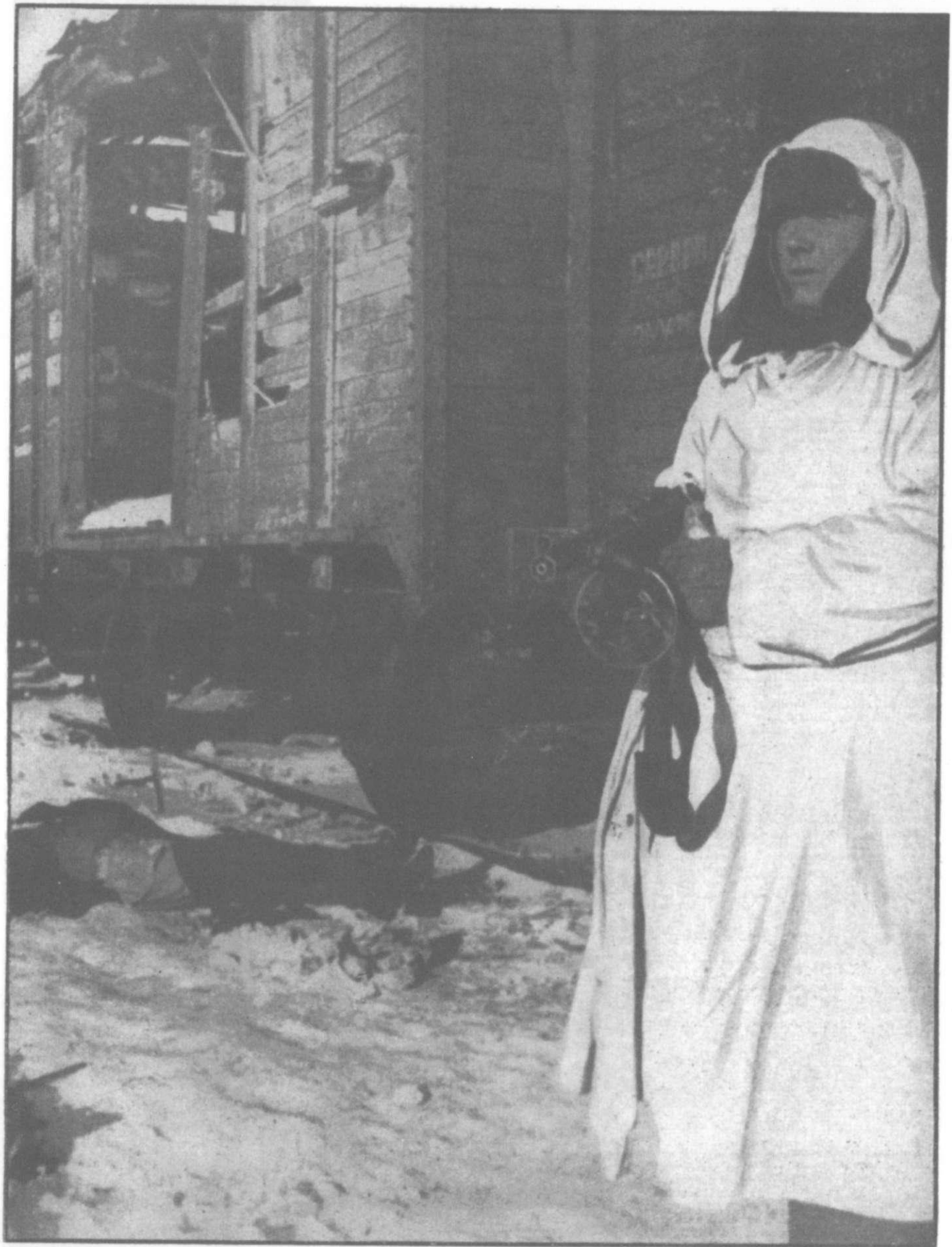
The French aircraft-carrier BEARN, which took refuge at Martinique after France collapsed. The U.S. has now demanded her demobilization.

Some of the American planes which were bought by France and carried in the Béarn, and which have lain more or less derelict on the island of Martinique, in the Lesser Antilles, since the summer of 1940.

WHEN Laval was placed at the head of Vichy France, all French colonies excepting those under Free France might be said to be hostile or potentially hostile to the United Nations. Months before Britain had felt compelled to set in train the occupation of Madagascar, and now likewise the United States felt the necessity of securing Martinique in the West Indies. United States' anxiety about this island prompted discussions between Admiral Georges Robert, the High Commissioner, and Rear-Admiral John Hoover, the United States Commandant at Puerto Rico, with a view to immobilizing the power of the island as a base and controlling naval units at anchor there in case they might make an effort to escape to Dakar. Various French naval craft have been at Martinique since the collapse of France, principal among which are the 22,146-ton aircraft-carrier Béarn, and the cruisers Emile Bertin and Jeanne D'Arc. It will be remembered that the Emile Bertin took refuge there with £62,000,000 worth of gold. There are also about 140,000 tons of French merchant shipping at Martinique.

Pathetic relics of French impotence, silent, tarpaulin-covered guns on Martinique (left). Will they speak again in the Allied cause? Many weapons have been left to rot on the beach. Right, French sailors belonging to the Vichy aircraft-carrier Béarn and the cruisers Emile Bertin and Jeanne D'Arc, finding themselves unable to take part in the war against Hitler do some allotment work. *Photos, British Paramount News*

Death Stands Sentinel in the Russian Snow



ON THE EAST FRONT this grim war photograph was taken after Soviet troops had dislodged the Germans from a railway siding. One of the main objectives in the Ukraine is to capture rail junctions and cut communications. This is more important than the taking of towns. Thus the Soviet drive between Bylegorod and Volchansk was planned to cut the Kursk-Kharkov line, and an advance to the Dnieper would threaten von Manstein's communications in the Crimea.

Photo, Planet News

Our Searchlight on the War

ON THE CREDIT SIDE

No other country had ever mobilized its man-power to such an extent as we had had to do.—Mr. Bevin.

THOSE who can remember the political dissensions during the first two years of the last war, the shells scandal, the confusion about man-power, the Mesopotamia miseries, the profiteering and other hindrances to victory, must admit, however captious they are, that things are better this time. The Government is not perfect (no Government ever is), but our organizational methods, in regard to food, labour power, munitions, and the gradual accumulation of striking power are a credit to all concerned. Nor is it fair to blame leaders for disasters whose genesis is to be found in pre-war pacifism. When Mr. Bevin tells us that of 33,000,000 persons in this country between the ages of 14 and 64, 22,000,000 are now in the armed forces, in civil defence and in industry, the nation has every reason to congratulate itself on rising, as it were, to a totalitarian occasion. And it is a tremendous fact that Britain has preserved most of her military power intact awaiting the essential moment when in opening the second front she will be able to strike the Germans down quickly and finally.

SECRET SERVICE SUCCESSES

The case for German world domination was hopeless from the start. At this stage in human development only an atavistic race such as the Germans are could ever expect aggression to succeed.

THE admirable work in connexion with the V campaign, however secret it was, necessarily, revealed, at least, the fact that our close liaisons with patriots in occupied territory were as universal as they were effective. On hearing his name and address mentioned on our wireless many a quisling must have trembled in his shoes when Colonel Britton announced that we were "coming for him." When the complete story can be told there will be some thrilling revelations of the courage and ingenuity of men and women, threatened by death, working for the Allied cause. It was announced the other day that there was a courier service, organized in London by the International Federation of Trades Unionists, operating in half the countries of Europe. Mr. Walter Schevenels, general Secretary of the Federation, said, "Our people are willing to take risks, and from them we get reliable information of what is happening on the Continent. When we want somebody we let the necessary service know, and he is picked up and brought to this country." Part of the Nazi plan was, of course, to destroy the liberty of the workers by disbanding the trades unions, but the workers have secretly reorganized themselves. It is a known fact that 90 per cent of the members of the "conquered peoples" are resisting Nazi domination.

F/L Kuttelwascher, a Czech fighter-pilot ace. Playing a lone hand at what the R.A.F. call "night intruding," he seeks the Germans in their own "lairs," and has destroyed eight Nazi planes.
Photo, Planet News

NELSON'S ARMCHAIR

There is no little poetic pleasure in thinking that something from Nelson's famous flagship is helping to win this war.

MANY beautiful and sometimes historic things have changed hands to help the war effort. An armchair with canework seat and rounded back, one of two chairs said to have been in Nelson's state room on board the Victory, was sold recently in aid of London's Warship Week for a hundred guineas. Here is a way in which the "not so rich," harassed by reduced incomes and heavier taxes, can contribute a little extra to the war effort. It is not easy to part with our personal treasures, but a precious antique or picture, or any kind of trinket, is not lost when we dispossess ourselves of it. We may be sure that the purchaser will enjoy it as we once did and still do in retrospect. The collector, in any case, can have only a lease of the things he loves. Ultimately they must go to somebody else. Could there be a better moment than now to pass them on that they might raise money for some cause connected with the war and help to bring that victory without which all enjoyment of artistic or any kind of beauty will become impossible?

OUR CIVILIAN WAR DEAD

With the raids on Baedeker-starred cities there has been a sudden addition to our large number of casualties on the home front.

THE Imperial War Graves Commission, who have so reverently and efficiently looked after the graves of our friends and relatives killed in the last war, have extended their duties to comprise the 42,000 men, women and children killed in the raids on the United Kingdom from the beginning of this war until the end of September 1941, and they have been in contact with the relations of 67 per cent of these casualties. It is hoped to make a complete record of all those who fell on the home front, that their names might ever be linked with "our finest hour." Relatives and friends are asked to communicate with the London offices, 32, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1, if they have not already done so. Some poignant facts are often the result of inquiries. A man living in the East End who called concerning his daughter's death was able to supply details of more than 20 members of his family who had been killed, and the ages of war dead range from 11 hours to 100 years. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

R.A.F. ON THE MARK

According to a recent statement in Washington an overwhelming air offensive against Germany is being planned by the Joint British and American forces.

THERE are still a few people who are not convinced that Britain's plan of more, bigger and better bombs for German military objectives is an excellent policy. Their argument sometimes follows the line that, whereas the Germans were unable to dislocate our armaments industries, we are unable to destroy theirs. The truth is that Britain is now in a far better position to wage this offensive than ever the Germans were. We have the planes and we have the experience founded upon a consistent study of the whole field of enemy production. If our post-raid photographs of Rostock are not sufficient to convince the doubters, reliable information filters through from neutral sources. A civilian engineer, inspecting the damage to the M.A.N. (Maschinen Fabrik Augsburg Nürnberg A.G.) factory after our raid in April, stated that the R.A.F. success was complete. The damage done affected the three chief departments—armoured vehicles, U-boat engines, and tanks, and at least five months must elapse before normal output could be resumed.

KING HAAKON addressing an audience of Norwegians at the London Coliseum on the 128th anniversary of Norway's Independence Day.
Photo, G.P.U.

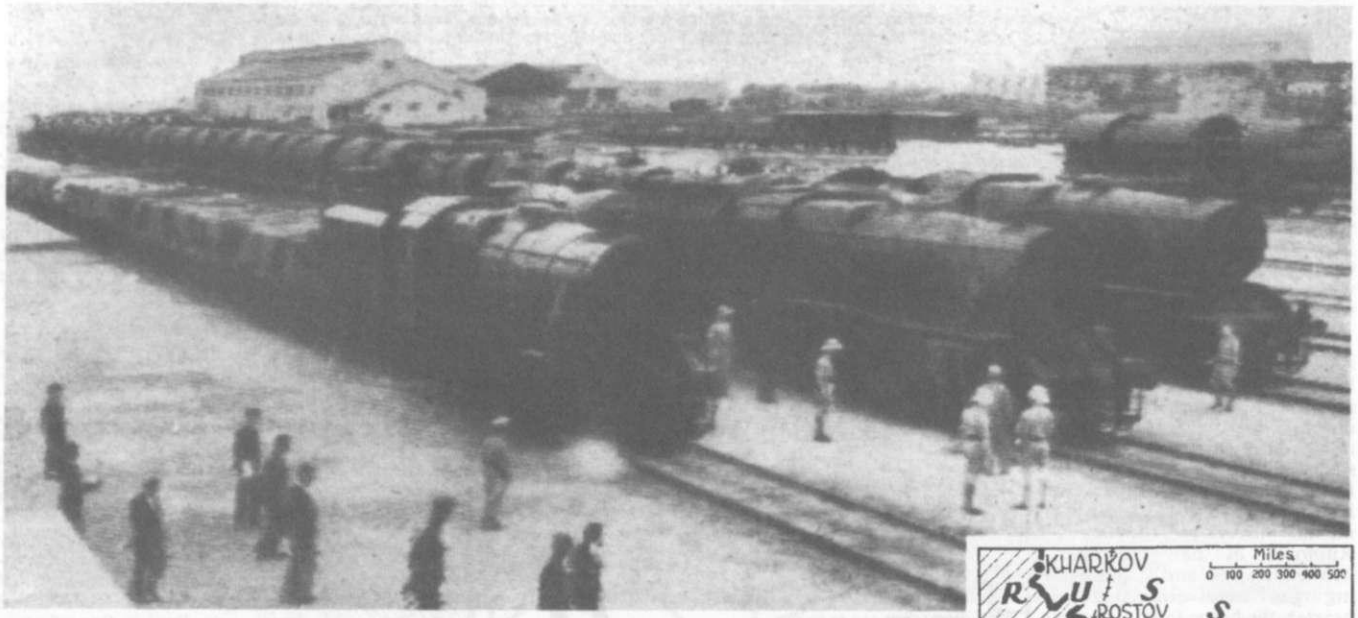
TIME AND TOJO

Within little more than six months the Japanese General Tojo has spread his forces victoriously from Shanghai to the Coral Sea, and the Bay of Bengal.

THERE is a certain parallel between Hitler's and Tojo's methods and their results. Both Axis leaders struck treacherously and both have achieved the temporary conquest of vast territories. Time and the big battalions were on their side. The results of their blitzkrieg must at times even surprise them. There can be little doubt that Hitler and Tojo hoped, by the capture of Madagascar, to link hands in the Indian ocean, and could they have done that the Allies' position would indeed have been precarious. Our well-timed and brilliantly organized descent on the French colonial island has changed the Japanese plan of campaign. But Tojo has every reason to be satisfied with the success of Japanese arms to date. His occupation of Malaya and the Dutch East Indies has placed in his hands centres of inexhaustible supply, for we must not forget that "scorched earth" cannot be a permanent condition of mines and wells. From the Japanese point of view, also, the stopping of supplies to China through Burma is a strategic victory of considerable magnitude, since our Chinese allies are, for the time being at least, isolated from Anglo-American help. Japan is now in a position to attack China from the west along the road to Chungking and from the eastern seaboard through ports that have fallen into her hands.

Cordite charges aboard H.M.S. Renown being put into cardboard cases to be sent ashore and stored while the ship is being refitted in dry dock. This is one use for your waste paper. Every vessel of the Royal Navy is thus "de-ammunitioned" preparatory to an overhaul.
Photo, British News Reel

We've Built the 'Persia Road' Into Russia



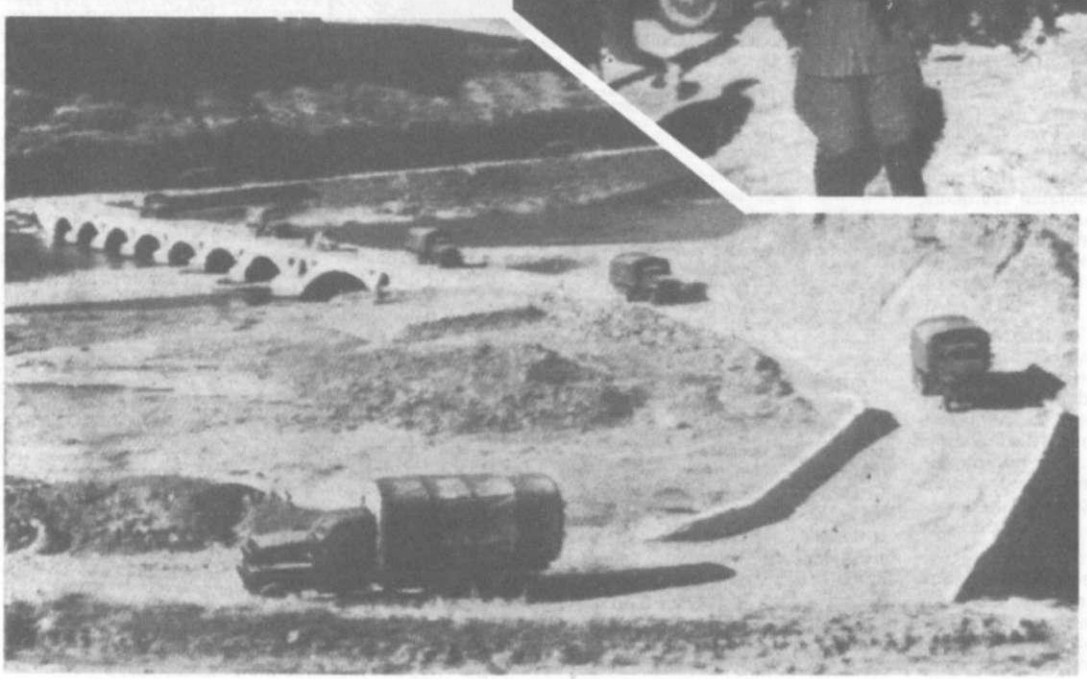
L.M.S. rolling stock shipped to Persia from England, and called "Churchill's Reply." Trains loaded with supplies for Russia about to move off from the marshalling yards at Ahwaz, about seventy miles from the head of the Persian Gulf. Right, map showing Persian supply route to the Caucasus.

WITHIN the last few months Iran has become a great clearing-house for British and American supplies to the Russian front. Road and rail communications have been vastly improved and increased, and day and night, by iron way and dusty road, trucks and lorries hum with unceasing movement through the romantic land of Omar Khayyám.

What were recently little wayside stations are now great marshalling yards, and immemorial caravan tracks have been widened to take fast modern traffic. The opening of a railway from Khorranshah on the Shatt-al-Arab, some fifty miles west of Bandar Shahpur, to Ahwaz, about seventy miles inland, has greatly speeded up supplies. British soldiers are reminded of home and holidays when they see powerful locomotives, with L.M.S. markings, puffing into Teheran, drawing behind them truck after truck of machinery crates.

THEN begins a thrilling journey across Persia's northern plateau. The dirt road runs between snowcapped mountains, up and down like a gigantic switchback, with views of magnificent scenery on either side. Hour after hour the convoy of lorries eats up the mileage, the Russian drivers, all of whom are skilled mechanics, keeping their places in the line with only one thought—the determination to bring the munitions of war as quickly as possible to their brothers fighting the Fascist foe.

The last stage of the journey is reached when the convoy descends the road to the Caspian Sea with the port of Pahlevi in sight. An important addition to Soviet armament, having travelled thousands of miles, having defied U-boats and Nazi aeroplanes, is now being unloaded by willing hands. Within a few hours the empty camions—they belong for the most part to the United Kingdom Commercial Corporation, which handles the transit of British supplies for Russia—have turned round and are racing back to refill. The "lease-lend" way in ancient Iran has become one of the main highways to victory.



Russian drivers, under the orders of a Soviet commander, taking over American lorries assembled at Andimishk. Left, the unending stream of vehicles, carrying munitions of war, on their eight-day journey north to Russia. Since the beginning of the year the trickle of supplies to Russia through Iran has become a mighty flood, thanks to the reorganization and development of communications and the enormous increase in the output of the factories of the U.S.A. and Britain.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright. Map by courtesy of The Evening News

Kerch and Kharkov: A Two-Way Offensive

The attack on Kerch and the defence of Kharkov are the essentials of the Nazi campaign for 1942. Two factors dominate all the Germans' calculations: one is oil; the other, food. To continue the war they want the Caucasus oil. They had hoped to replenish their granaries from the vast wheat-producing lands of south Russia.

Two pronouncements of great significance were made before the Germans opened their spring campaign in the Kerch Peninsula. The first was by Major Otto Mossdorf, who, in an article in the German press, said that the core of the Red Army is still intact. The second statement was Mr. Churchill's sensational news that Germany had already lost more men in the war against Soviet Russia than during the whole of the last war.

The German people have at last realized that final victory has eluded them, and their appetite for more campaigns in Russia is at a low ebb. An immediate victory was essential, so the German High Command has staged in the Crimea what is described as "an experimental heavy offensive." Rumours of new machines, new explosives, and a paralysing gas were circulated to hearten the home front. It was hoped to smash the Russians into the sea within a day or two, and thus to revive the idea of Nazi invincibility. The attack on Kerch was begun on May 8 by General von Manstein's 11th Army.

With many hundreds of dive-bombers and a new mortar which was used for the first time, and every other destructive device, a collective battering ram hurled itself at the Russian strong points. The Soviet army was beaten back, though not, as the Germans alleged, in panic, but in an orderly retreat, taking up new positions the while inflicting enormous losses on the enemy. Berlin, using the loud pedal of propaganda, endeavoured at first to convey that the Russians had been annihilated. As the days passed, however, insistence was placed on the stubborn defence put up by the Soviet forces, and a certain disappointment could be read into Nazi reports. The communiqués began to tone down. While, on May 18, the Red Army had been obliterated, on May 20 it was still fighting in the neighbourhood of Kerch. Even though the Peninsula, with the exception of isolated segments, had fallen into German hands, this was only a detail in the vast line stretching from the far south to the far north. The Russians announced the evacuation of Kerch on May 24.

While Manstein's forces moved south to the Crimea, Timoshenko's legions were striking west into the Ukraine. Launching the Kharkov offensive, the great Russian Marshal published this Order of the Day: "I hereby order the troops to begin the decisive offensive against our vilest enemy, the German Fascist Army, to exterminate its manpower and war materials, and to hoist our glorious Soviet banner over the liberated cities and villages."

On the eve of battles which may decide the fate of the world the moods of Germany and Russia were in interesting contrast, especially during the opening days of the Kharkov offensive. A note of fear crept into most of the Nazi statements. Goebbels, Goering and the military experts were obviously on the defensive. There was no confidence either in the German leaders or among the people.

In Russia, on the other hand, there was a feeling of exhilaration and hope. A war correspondent on the Kharkov front wrote:

"Spring has set in and our armies are rolling ahead across fields already covered with young grass. The rumble of tanks fills the air and above, heading westward, drone the fleets of our bombers. Men with flags stand at our bridges, at river crossings, directing the vehicles towards the front. At one point soldiers have found time to write out in mighty letters of stone, placed across the hillside, the words 'Forward to the West.'

"Back through the recaptured village are pouring columns of German prisoners, men with glassy faces, who do not yet understand what has happened. Many of them are youngsters of 18; they were Hitler's reserves."

Timoshenko's hammer blow between Volchansk and Chuguyev, beginning on May 13 on a fifty-mile front, came as a surprise to von Bock. It anticipated the Nazi spring offensive, and completely wrested the initiative from the Germans. Preceded by heavy artillery fire, described by the Germans as "a dancing volcano," Russian forces made a wide breach in the Kharkov defences, and a large army swept through in a veritable flood of tanks, supported by dive bombers, and motorized infantry under cover of an artificial fog. Nazi strong points were pulverized, and hundreds of villages were suddenly released from the enemy's grip. Meanwhile, powerful Red bombers struck continuously at Nazi aerodromes, forcing the Germans to withdraw their air power deeper into the rear. By May 14 it was clear that a major operation on the part of the Soviet armies had become a major success, the Russians having penetrated on a wide front to a depth of ten miles beyond the point where they had crossed the River Donetz.

TIMOSHENKO v. VON BOCK. Marshal Timoshenko launched a three-pronged offensive on May 13: 1, north and south of Kharkov; 2, towards railway junction Krasnograd; 3, at Povrovsk, against Taganrog. Shortly afterwards an effort to outflank the Soviet armies was made by von Bock between Barvenkovo and Isyum (4). The fifth arrow in the map indicates Kerch, which, the Russians announced on May 24, had been evacuated.

Map by courtesy of News Chronicle

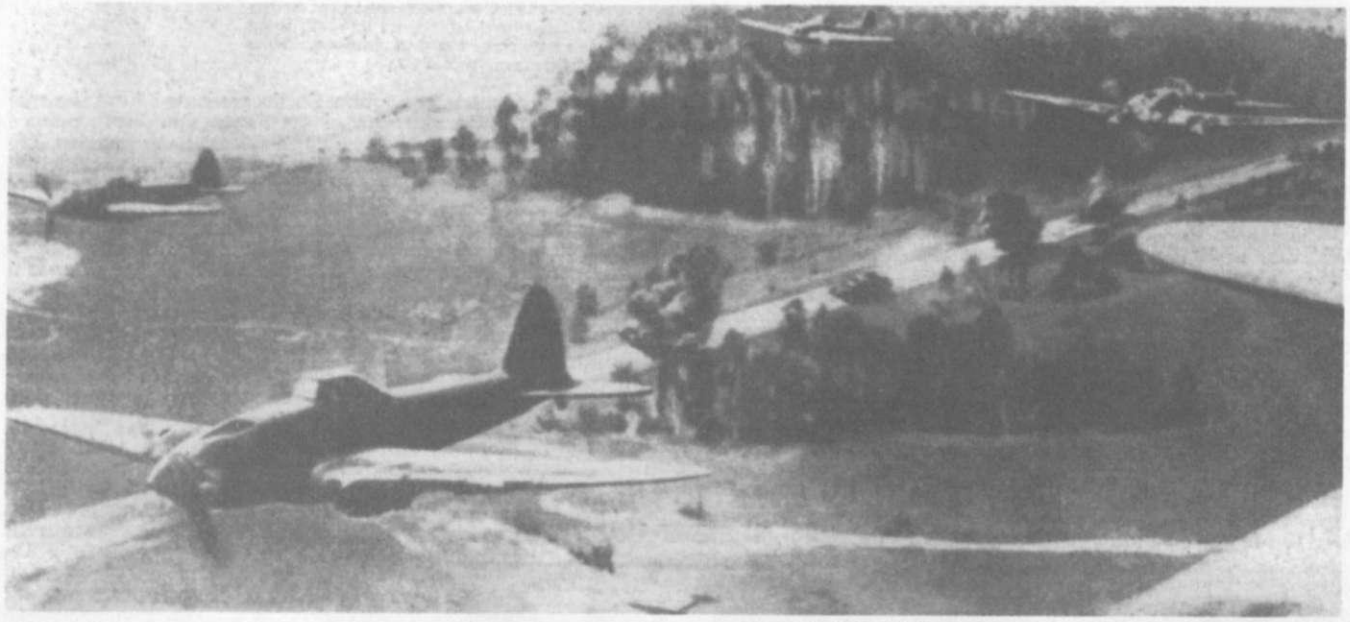
Timoshenko's attack was broadening without losing its drive. Regiments from Moscow, Georgia, the Volga, Uzbekistan and the Donetz Basin went singing into the fray, with the object of liberating the Ukraine. The farthest point penetrated was towards Krasnograd. Here is the vital railway line between Poltava and Lozovaya. Once in possession of Krasnograd the Russians could break von Bock's line of communications with Dnepropetrovsk, and seriously interfere with Nazi reinforcements for the Crimea.

The German High Command, in addition to throwing in heavy reinforcements in a vain effort to halt Timoshenko in the Kharkov sector, tried to embarrass the Soviet Command by a new offensive along the Donetz on a front between Isyum and Barvenkovo, south east of Kharkov, with the intention of striking up against the Soviet armies sweeping west. Whether this was merely a diversionary effort or part of the original Nazi plan of campaign, it constituted a grave threat to Timoshenko's position. could the Nazis break through behind the rear of the Kharkov attack. The speed of modern warfare has made battle lines extremely flexible, resulting in sudden pockets. Without the most careful planning and huge reserves too impetuous an advance is full of dangers. But it would appear that Marshal Timoshenko was well prepared for this Nazi counter-stroke, having placed strong defensive shock-absorbers in positions where they could deal with von Bock's attacks.

The German attempt failed to smash through to the north, hundreds of tanks falling into prepared camouflaged pits, where they were destroyed. The Russians then launched their own tanks against von Bock's forces, causing great carnage among the supporting infantry. On May 21 the Russian High Command put out the reassuring statement that the German counter-thrust north had been held.

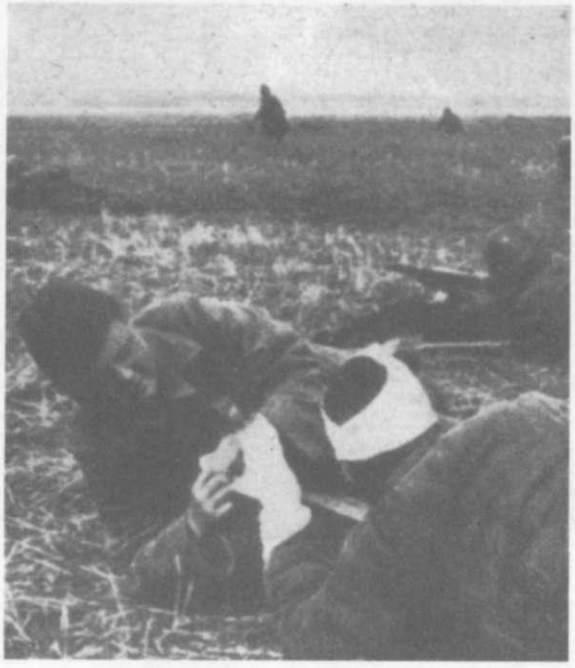
Two important facts emerge from the confusion of war on the East front. The first is that the great battles there are not the much heralded German spring offensive. They are definitely a Russian offensive, which has thrust deep into occupied territory. The second fact is that the Russians so far have had command of the air. Their Stormovik dive-bombers, Hurricanes, Tomahawks and Airocobras have shown marked superiority over the Nazi air force

As the Snows Retreat Fierce War Boils Over



GERMAN TANKS, moving along what may well be one of the roads built by the Todt Organization in Russia, have been overtaken by planes of the Red Air Force. On three of them Russian " tank-busters " have secured direct hits.

IN THE CRIMEA, probably in the Kerch Peninsula, where severe fighting between Nazis and Reds flared up on May 8, Cossack sappers are effectively destroying a blockhouse established by the enemy.



ON THE KHARKOV BATTLEFIELD nurses of the Russian Red Cross have won fresh renown for their devoted bravery. In this photograph—like the other two above, radioed from the Russian front — Medical Nurse Olga Usupova, who is reported to have carried 43 wounded Red Army men out of action, is seen tending a casualty during an attack in the Kharkov region.

German army spokesmen, radio reporters, war correspondents, Dr. Goebbels, Goering, and the Fuehrer himself have dilated upon the appalling conditions under which during last winter's campaign in Russia the German soldiers had to live, to fight, and perchance to die. This photograph of German reinforcements struggling along a " road " just affected by the thaw makes eloquent commentary.

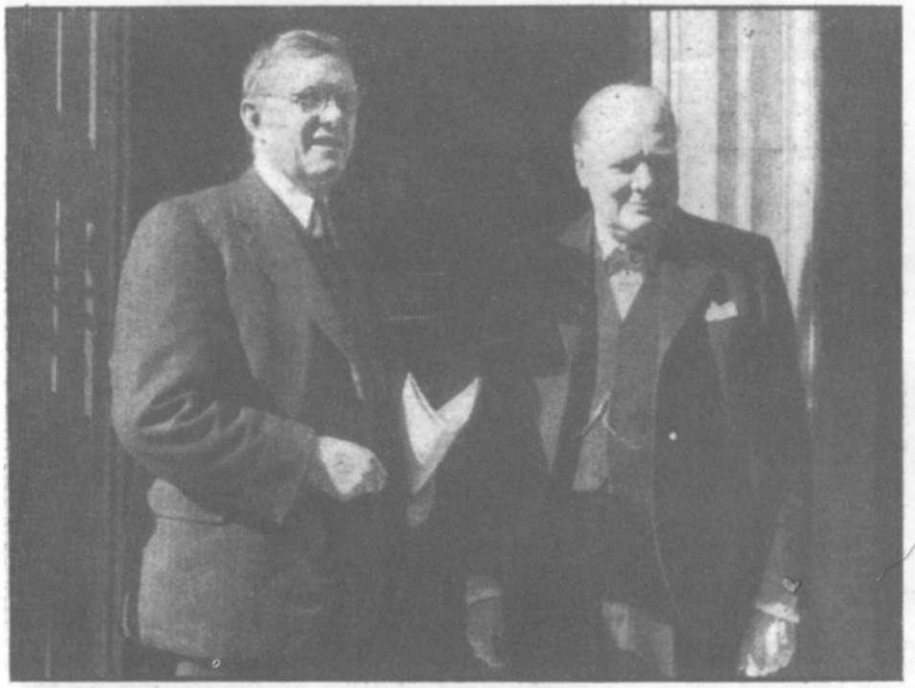
British Official; Planet News

All Australia Is Mobilized for War

Since last December Australia has been in the very front of one of the most important of the war zones into which the world is now divided. Some of her towns have been bombed, some of her ships have been sunk in her own waters ; above her hangs the cloud of invasion. How has the Commonwealth reacted to the ever-deepening menace ?

WHEN the war began two and a half years ago the Australians—it is Dr. H. V. Evatt, Australian Attorney-General and special representative to this country, speaking—"without question, without thought of the cost involved, without dwelling upon the fact that The First Great War cost us 60,000 lives and suffering and sacrifice beyond telling, again rushed to the assistance of the Mother Country."

" It was just as simple as that," Dr. Evatt added. And what happened ? Australia sent considerable land, sea and air forces into the thick of the fighting everywhere. As before, the cost was heavy ; as before, the cost was never counted. Many thousands of Australian sailors and airmen have helped in the defence of Britain. They have protected British shipping and have fought the enemy on many fronts, side by side with the sons of Britain and the other Dominions.



MR. CHURCHILL WITH DR. H. V. EVATT, Australian Minister for External Affairs and Attorney-General, outside Number 10, Downing Street. After his mission to the United States Dr. Evatt arrived in London, where, as accredited representative, he attended meetings of the War Cabinet and Pacific War Council. *Photo, Planet News*

Now it is Australia's turn to need assistance —now, when the danger of Japanese invasion is real, when the Japanese are in possession of vital strategic points in and near New Guinea, which are as much the gateway to Australia as Calais and Dunkirk and Boulogne were to Britain. The defence of the Australian base is of crucial importance, urged Dr. Evatt, since only from Australia can the Japs be attacked ; but, quite apart from this, Britain will see to it that the evil thing of a Japanese invasion shall not come to pass in a British Dominion " owing the same allegiance to the King as you, blood of your blood, flesh of your flesh."

What has been done in Australia to meet the threatened blow ? In a word, the Australians have organized their resources to the utmost. Every Government in turn has devoted itself to that task. When war broke out the United Australian Party was in office at Canberra in coalition with the United Country Party, while the Labour Party was in opposition. Like one man, all three parties, every group and section, stood behind Mr. R. G. Menzies, the Prime Minister, when on the war's first day he made it clear that in 1939 as in 1914 " Australia would be there." True, the Labour Party refused to enter the Government when it was proposed it should be reorganized on a national basis, but its leader, Mr. Curtin, was at pains to demonstrate that their refusal had no anti-war foundation. The Australian Labour Party, he declared, stood inflexibly behind Great Britain, although it maintained its hostility to conscription and the dispatch of Australian forces overseas.

This opposition was carried into the division lobby in Nov. 1939, but it was short-lived, since in June 1940 a special conference of the Commonwealth Labour Party passed a resolution advocating participation in the Empire Aid Scheme, reinforcement of A.I.F. divisions abroad, and compulsory military training.

For a year Mr. Menzies carried on with a Parliament, elected in 1937, in which his coalition had a majority of fourteen, but his position was one of increasing difficulty. Nor was it improved by the General Election held in Sept. 1940, since this resulted in the return of 37 United Australia-Country members, 36 Labour members and one Independent, who in effect held the balance of power.

In the spring of 1941 Mr. Menzies paid a visit to England, where his impressive personality won for him wide popularity and general esteem, but on his return to Australia he sensed a growing dissatisfaction with his Government. Once again he urged the formation of a National Government, and offered to stand down from the premiership in favour of one to be elected by the three parties. His offer was refused, however, and on Aug. 28 he resigned. The following day Mr. A. W. Fadden, Leader of the Country Party and Commonwealth Treasurer, took office, but on Oct. 3 he was defeated on a motion by Mr. Curtin censuring the new Budget provisions as being contrary to true equality of sacrifice. Thereupon Mr. Curtin formed a Labour Government—the first since 1931.

Born in a small town in Victoria 57 years ago, John Curtin graduated from the secretaryship of the Timber Workers' Union of Victoria to the editorial chair of the West Australia Worker, a Labour paper published in Perth. In 1928 he was elected to the Federal Parliament as M.P. for Fremantle ; defeated in 1931, he regained the seat in 1934, and was elected to the Labour leadership in the House of Representatives, i.e. Leader of the Opposition. At the General Election of 1937 he revealed himself as a strong opponent of " foreign entanglements " and conscription, but it is noteworthy that his programme called for the provision of thousands of planes as being more necessary for Australia's defence than warships.

Now this journalist-politician, this man of unconventional ways, but of obvious political foresight, was Australia's Prime Minister, and even his bitterest opponents found little to complain about in his vigorous direction of the nation's war effort, particularly when Japan's entry into the war brought the conflict to Australia's own shores and skies. On Feb. 17, 1942, Mr. Curtin announced that the Commonwealth Cabinet had ordered the total mobilization of all the human and material resources of the country. " Every human being in Australia," he said, " is now at the service of the Government to work for the defence of Australia ; and every material thing—money, machinery, buildings —which can be diverted to war purposes, must be diverted, when directed."

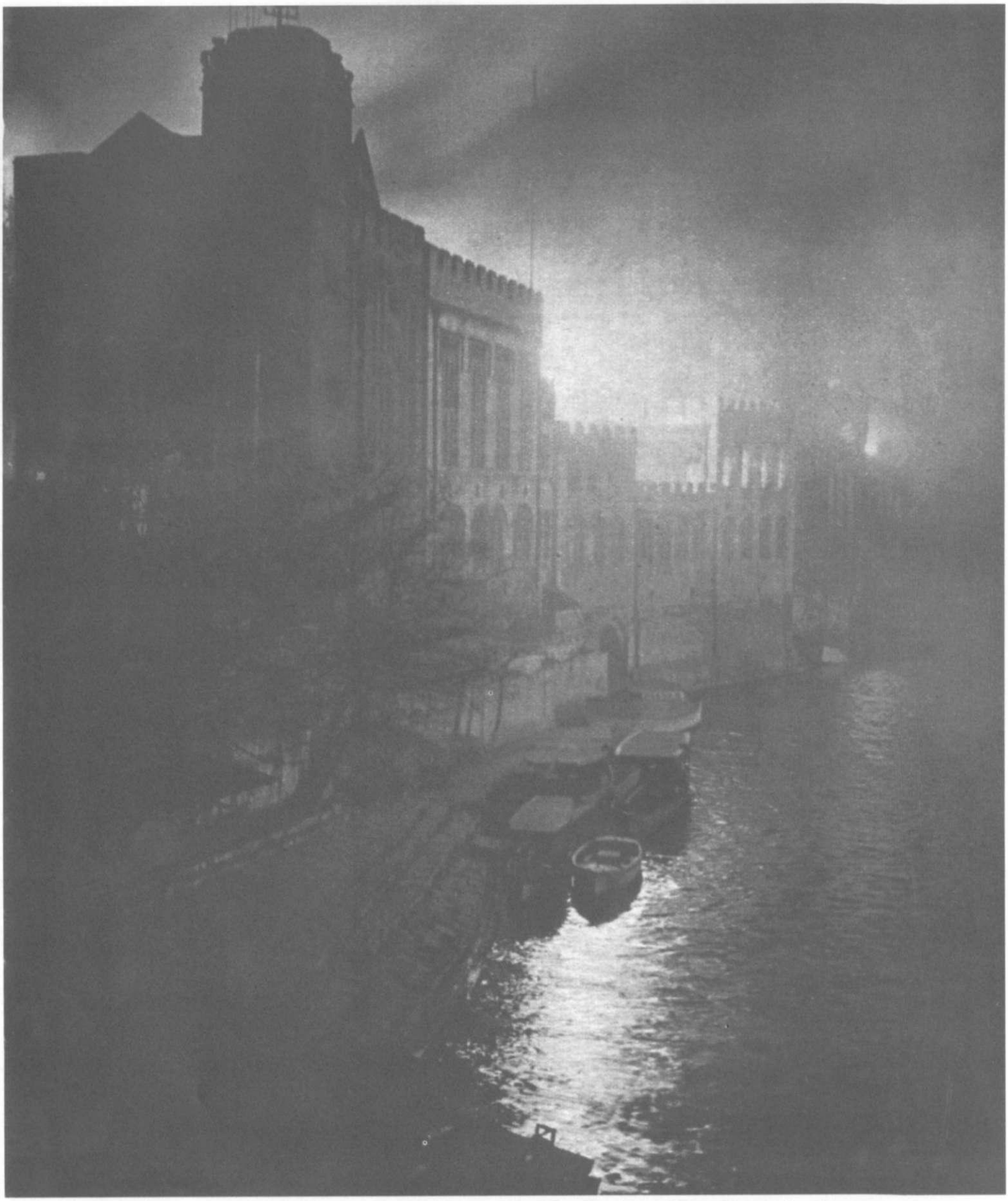
Already—indeed, a week earlier—the War Cabinet had announced a Nine-Point programme of far-reaching measures designed to marshal to the full the nation's resources :

(1) Sale of shares or investment of capital was prohibited save by Government permission, thus eliminating speculation on the Stock Exchanges. (2) Prices of all goods and services were pegged at those ruling on Feb. 10. (3) Profits of all businesses were limited to 4 per cent. (4) Interest rates were put under the control of the Commonwealth Bank. (5) Wages were pegged at the prevailing level, subject to a " margin of tolerance " to allow for changes in the cost of living. (6) All labour transfers were placed under Government control. (7) Drastic penalties were enacted for illegal absenteeism in industry. (8) The Government was given powers to place any area under military control ; and (9) speculation in commodities, e.g. forward dealing in foodstuffs, was prohibited.

Drastic as these measures were, they were only slightly modified before passing into law.

From the beginning of the war with Japan Mr. Curtin made it clear that in his view the Pacific struggle could not, and must not, be treated as a subordinate field. His method of approach was a distinctly realist one, and, knowing Britain's difficulties, he had no hesitation in making a direct appeal to Mr. Roosevelt for American aid. Some of his remarks were perhaps not too happily expressed, and his critics professed to find therein some loosening of the traditional ties with the Mother Country. Any such suggestion, however, was strongly rebutted by Mr. Curtin himself.

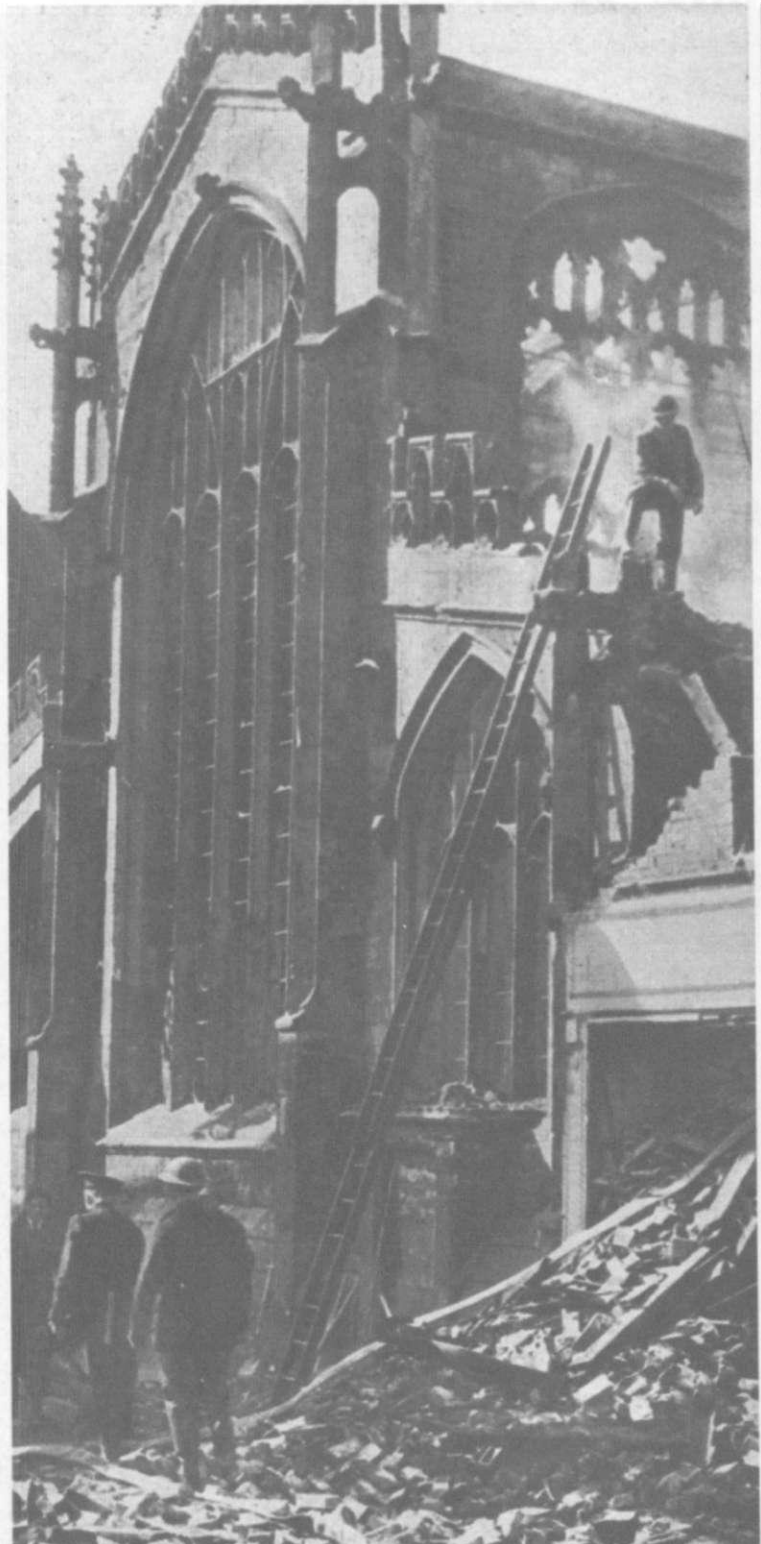
As for Australia's policy today, Mr. Curtin summed it up in the same speech under three heads. " First," he said, " the Allies must stand together ; there must be no sacrifice of one allegedly for the common good. Secondly, there must be no half-heartedness or faint-heartedness ; we must not sit sacrosant in a place we have made safe. Thirdly, all the time we are waging the struggle we must keep in mind the cause to which we are pledged—to defeat the enemy. We must not only beat the things for which *he* stands, but win victory for the things for which *we* stand."



Photo, Keystone

Hitler's 'Tourists' Came to York

The Gothic Guildhall, York, which was fired on April 28 by Nazi incendiaries in one of Hitler's desperate and infamous "Baedeker" raids. Thus in one dreadful night was destroyed, in obedience to the whim of the modern Hun, a relic of culture which had been cherished by mankind for centuries. Another photograph of the fiery scene is in page 705.



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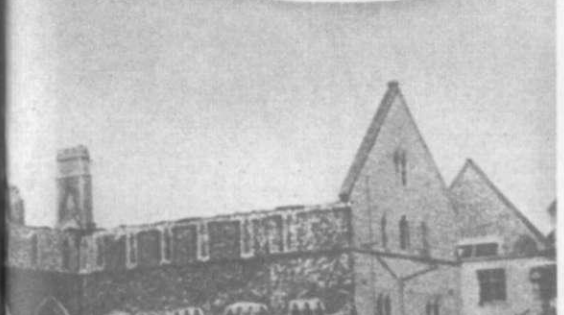
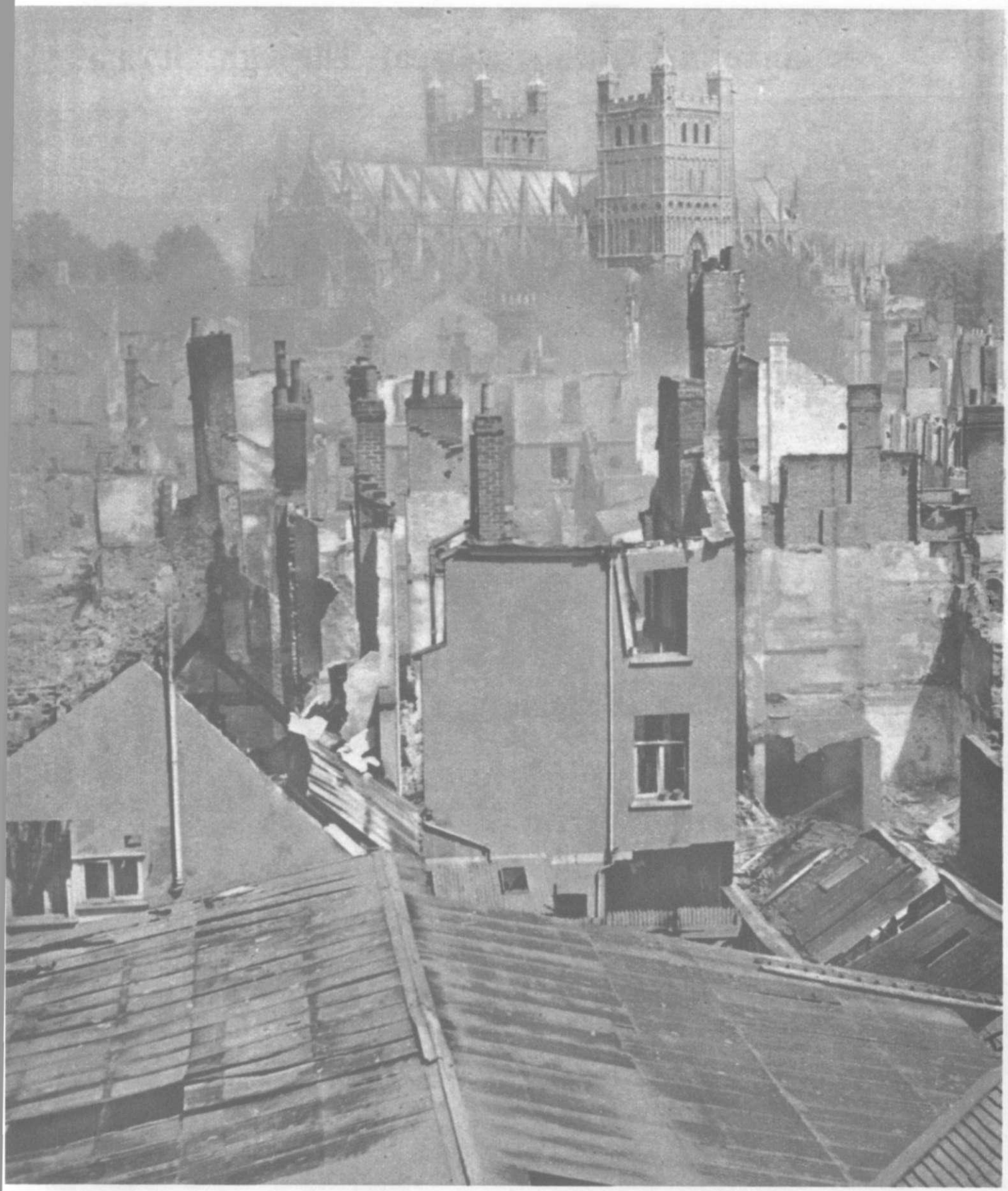




Nazi Vandalism at Exeter

Photo, Topical Press

Bombed on the nights of April 23, 24, and May 3, Exeter was left with many a grievous scar and gaping wound. In the foreground of this photograph a number of dwelling-houses have been shattered by H.E.s or consumed by incendiaries, but rising in serene beauty above the cloud of dust and smoke are the massive Norman towers of the magnificent cathedral.

Alexander's Fighting Retreat Through Burma

"Youngest and certainly one of the ablest generals in the British Army, General Alexander," said Mr. Hore-Belisha in the House of Commons on May 20, "was called upon to lead a retreat which in its circumstances did not differ much from the glory of Xenophon's retreat from Persia to Asia Minor." As what follows will make clear, it was indeed, a great feat of arms, carried out against impossible odds

THE final battle in Burma was fought on May 10 at Shwegyin, on the Chindwin opposite Kalewa. Here the headquarters of the 17th division, two infantry brigades, several field mountain batteries and field companies were waiting to be ferried across the river to Kalewa, when a shock party of about 200 Japanese, who had moved up river in motor-boats, with characteristic audacity attempted to bottle them up in the village. The story of the action that ensued may be given in the words of an Indian army officer.

"We heard the sound of machine-gun and mortar fire from the direction of the jetty, from which flat-bottomed paddle-steamers had been taking off from Kalewa carrying our troops, transport, and guns. . . . Our infantry, mostly Gurkhas, shouldered their arms and moved into the forests that cover the hills overlooking the road to the jetty—the hills on which the enemy ensconced themselves. Soon our guns began shelling the enemy positions, and one by one the Japanese guns were either silenced or withdrew beyond range. But the jetty at Shwegyin had been destroyed in earlier mortar shelling by the enemy, so the 17th Division packed their necessities on mules and struck north along the river bank in order to cross the Chindwin at Kalewa.

"It was a difficult march, undertaken at dusk through dense forest that shut out the starlight. The track was smooth and slippery and in parts strewn with jagged boulders. With delight we reached the jungle-fringed Chindwin in the early morning. At the sight of the paddle-steamers chug-chugging over the silky blue surface of the waters, some of us began to croon 'Old Man River.' The Royal Marines were there: these bearded, thick-set men were running the evacuation steamers backwards and forwards across the Chindwin, ferrying men, mules, guns and equipment.

"The monsoon was about to break, and the Chindwin during the past week had risen by three feet, making the old jetty at Kalewa unusable. A new one had to be built by Indian sappers and miners. We crossed the Chindwin with that holiday feeling, marched through Kalewa, and drew from stores our much-needed rations of tea, meat, and butter. Later we made camp in the jungle. The 17th Division was intact, in order and in high spirits, though a certain amount of their transport (including guns and stores) had to be destroyed on the sands near Shwegyin."

After this little affray the British continued their withdrawal up the Chindwin. From the map it would seem that they were heading for the Tamu Pass, which leads from Burma into Assam, to Imphal and Manipur Road; but by a fortunate piece of prevision a new road into Assam had been under construction for some time past, and it seems to have been so far completed as to have played a very useful part in the evacuation.

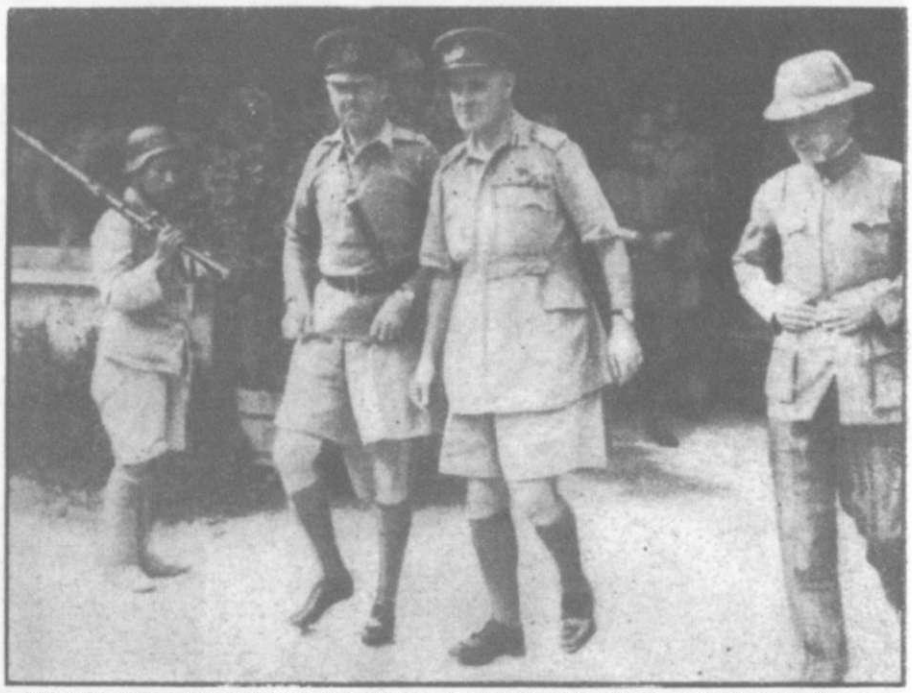
Although the time for large-scale operations had passed, Alexander's retreating legion was constantly in action, if not against the Japanese always, then against a Nature which was almost as fiercely hostile. From the Associated Press war correspondent came a vivid picture:

"Across cactus plains and through steamy jungle swamps . . . harassed by enemy fighters and bombers and stabbed at from ambush by bands of native traitors, the haggard, weary riflemen of half-a-dozen one-time crack battalions of the British Isles, Armoured Force crews, and wiry Sepoys from Indian units, are approaching within a few miles of the mountainous Assam frontier." It was a military tragedy for the United Nations, but "for the pitifully small handful of Imperial soldiers who lost Lower Burma and for the few understrength Chinese divisions there can be nothing but praise. They were ordered to do the impossible. Their casualties were appalling in their severity. The majority of stocky, singing Britons I saw hiking into the Salween line in January, and the smiling Chinese legions deploying around Toungoo in March, have been killed." But out of the death-pockets some retreated; always a new line was established farther back, though always it was weaker than those held before. Every man knew that Burma was doomed when Rangoon fell on March 8, but "for hundreds of miles it was a case of fight and withdraw and fight again. Surrender is not in their vocabulary."

So they drew near the Indian frontier. The first to arrive were the wounded. Victor Thompson of the Daily Herald, who watched them helping each other out of the drab-painted lorries, described the bandaged soldiers as being true sons of the Mons men. "Their faces have grim lines, etched by five months of hard retreating battle," said Thompson, "but they can still laugh, and they can still sing an unprintable song which is to this war what 'Mademoiselle from Armentières' was to the last." Their first thoughts were for their comrades, who were still struggling through the almost trackless jungle along the way they had come; next they asked what was the news from home. Only when they were in hospital and rest camps—in real beds with sheets, with revolving fans in the ceiling, and beer and cigarettes at hand—could they be prevailed upon to talk of their own experiences. Said one Cameronian, "Coolies carried men in litters for three days. It's not a bad way of travelling when you get the knack. My pals call me Dr. Livingstone now." A man of the Gloucesters said that his party had "fed like lords" since the major was a wizard at shooting jungle-fowl with his revolver.

Along the forest tracks, across the mountain paths, they streamed—in lorries and in litters, on foot and sometimes on elephants. Men of many regiments, British and Indian, all tired, all dirty, but all in good heart still. And throughout the retreat *the* tower of strength, the supreme centre of inspiration was General Alexander—"fighting Alex" as the troops called him—who had been the last man to leave Dunkirk beach two years before. In the dusty compound of a Burmese "house-on-stilts" he was interviewed by Marsland Gander, The Daily Telegraph special correspondent; he had just crossed the Chindwin in a show-boat-like Burmese stern-wheeler with a thousand troops on board. He had been bombed on the passage and bombed again on the road a few minutes before, but he was as imperturbable as ever. Quiet, friendly and unflurried were the adjectives that sprang to Gander's pen.

"For months we have been living and fighting on supplies that existed here," said the General. "We were really fighting on an island with no communication from the outside world except by air, and we had no air support. The Japanese had two excellent roads; we also had two roads, but they led nowhere. Now roads have at last been driven through to us. We had almost reached the end of our supplies." One of the greatest difficulties had been the effect of bombing on public utility services. Immediately the Japanese started bombing, railways, powerhouses, waterway communications and even hospitals virtually shut down. Posts and telegraphs were maintained and a skeleton railway staff stuck it, but practically speaking the whole social structure of the country collapsed. You can imagine the problem when hospital menials pack up and run into the bush when the first bomb falls . . .



Allied Generals outside the Chinese advanced headquarters in Burma. Left to right, they are General H. Alexander, G.O.C. Burma, General Sir Archibald Wavell, and General Tu Lee Ming, O.C. Chinese troops in the Toungoo section. *Photo, British News Reel*

At last the retreat was over; General Alexander was fighting no longer in an island with neither bases nor lines of communication; his little army was now buttressed by the strength of India—which, by his heroic stand, had been given five months to make ready. In a dispatch sent by courier on May 20, Marsland Gander said that General Alexander's Burma army was virtually relieved, although the bulk of the fighting troops were still in Burma. Invested not by the enemy but by great jungle-covered mountains, his relief was not effected in the traditional way of forced marches, skirling pipes, cavalry, or even modern tank charges. Nor this time had the Navy been called upon to play its part. Rather it was accomplished by months of hard work, by sappers, tea-planters and native coolies whose slogan had been "The road must go through."

Slaughter of the Innocents in Burma's Villages

BOMBED BY THE JAPS! A few hours, even a few minutes ago, the village where this photograph was taken was as peaceful perhaps as any of the thousands which pepper the Burmese map. But now it has been raided by Japanese bombers; destruction and death are on every hand; and those of the population who have survived have fled to the jungle.

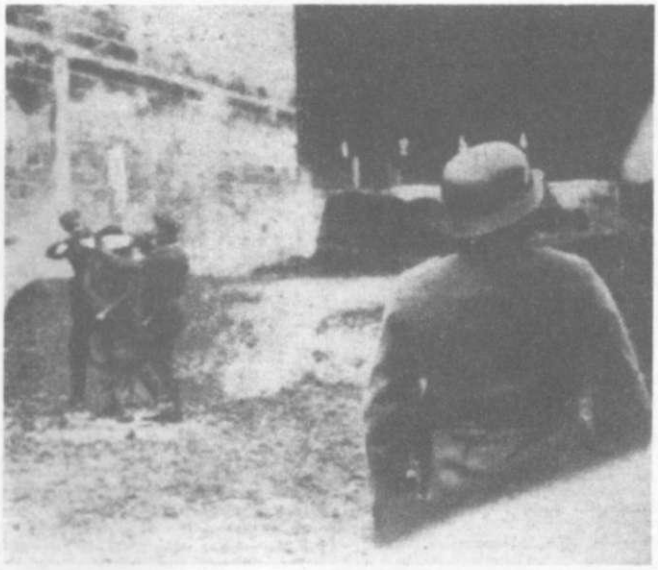
NEAR TOUNGOO, a patrol of Chinese troops, part of the army commanded by the American General Stilwell, sets out to reconnoitre the enemy's positions. In front marches the standard-bearer carrying the flag—a white sun on a ground of dark blue.

BURMESE REFUGEES set out from their home town which has just been raided by Japanese planes—and they fear may soon be raided again. With their pathetically few belongings piled on light push-carts they wander off, maybe into the jungle or maybe they have chosen the road which after many weeks will lead them into the comparative safety of India. Such terror raids were devised to create havoc, panic and disruption behind the British lines.

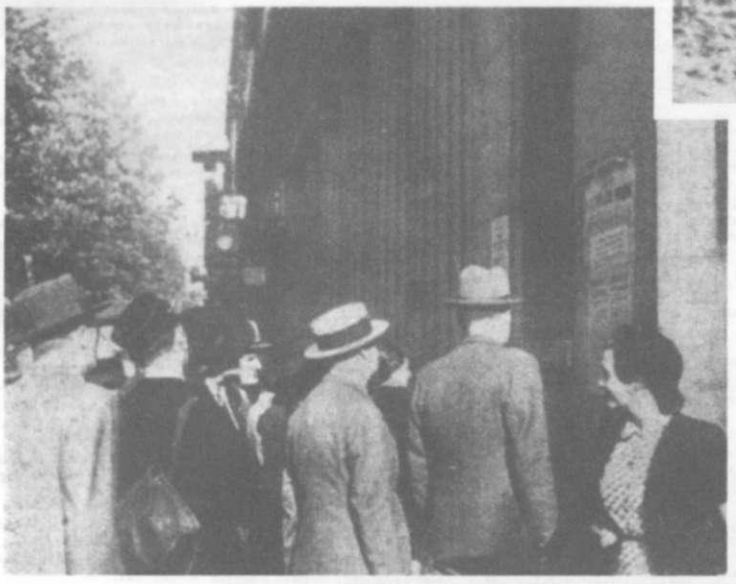
This photograph, too, was taken in a Burmese village after the Japanese bombers had come and gone. One of the victims of these savage attacks was a little child, and now the simple funeral procession of family mourners moves along the earthen track to the burial ground on the outskirts of the village.

Photos, British Newsreel

Today in Paris, City of Dreadful Doom



BLINDFOLDING A VICTIM for Nazi butchery, and, on the right, after the executioners have done their work. Beneath, Parisians reading the names of compatriots who preferred to die rather than submit to the German barbarians. Let the Allies remember these crimes against civilization, even humanity.



LLOYDS BANK (Faris branch), once always full of happy visitors to the city of light and laughter, has been converted into a Swastika swindle—with plenty of ersatz money, no doubt, in the till.

Butter, eggs and cheese, says the notice over the shop-front, not to mention whipped cream on the window. These are names only, and Parisian housewives stand in queues for hours and frequently go away empty-handed. If there is any milk in the cans it is reserved for the big hotels where Nazi officers have their quarters.

Photos, Associated Press, Keystone

Our Diary of the War

BRITISH CASUALTIES

Casualties in the armed forces of the British Empire from the outbreak of war until Sept. 2, 1941 :

Officers		
Killed	.. ..	6,295
Wounded	.. ..	4,064
Prisoners of war	..	3,374
Missing	.. ..	953
		14,687
Other ranks		
Killed	.. ..	42,677
Wounded	.. ..	42,299
Prisoners of war	..	55,084
Missing	.. ..	28,803
		168,863
Total		
Killed	.. ..	48,973
Wounded	.. ..	46,363
Prisoners of war	..	58,458
Missing	.. ..	29,756
		183,550

AIR-RAID VICTIMS

In Britain from the outbreak of war up to the end of April 1942.

Sept. 3, 1939–July 31, 1940		
Killed	..	310
Severely injured	..	410
		720
Aug.–Dec. 1940		
Killed	.. ..	22,837
Severely injured	..	28,535
		51,372
Jan.–Dec. 1941		
Killed	.. ..	20,520
Severely injured	..	21,451
		41,971
Jan.–April 30, 1942		
Killed	.. ..	1,093
Severely injured	..	1,093
		2,186
Totals		
Killed	.. ..	44,760
Severely injured	..	51,489
		96,249

MAY 13, 1942, Wednesday *984th day*

Sea.—Light naval forces attacked enemy convoy off French coast.

Air.—Coastal Command bombers made night attacks on ships off Aalesund and Vaagso.

Russian Front.—Russians on Kerch Peninsula retired to new positions. In Kharkov sector they passed to the offensive and made advance.

Africa.—Small-scale tank and artillery engagements in Libya.

Burma.—British troops made further withdrawal from Chindwin. R.A.F. bombed Akyab aerodrome.

Australasia.—Allied bombers raided ships at Amboina and aerodrome at Rabaul.

General.—Heydrich in Occupied France to organize measures against French patriots.

MAY 14, Thursday *985th day*

Sea.—Two enemy armed trawlers left sinking after engagement off French coast.

Russian Front.—On Kerch Peninsula Russians made further withdrawal. In Kharkov sector they continued to advance.

Africa.—R.A.F. bombers made night attacks on objectives in Libya.

Mediterranean.—Eleven enemy aircraft destroyed and ten damaged over Malta.

Burma.—U.S. bombers made daylight raid on Myitkyina.

Australasia.—Enemy aircraft twice raided Port Moresby. Allied bombers attacked Jap shipping at Rabaul and seaplane base on Deboyne Island.

Emergency regulations applied to certain districts of Queensland.

Home.—Small enemy attack on S.W. coast.

MAY 15, Friday *986th day*

Sea.—Washington announce sinking on May 12 of cargo-boat near mouth of Mississippi.

Air.—R.A.F. attacked three German minesweepers off Cherbourg. Coastal Command made low-level night attacks on two German convoys off Frisian Is.

Russian Front.—Stubborn fighting continued across Kerch Peninsula ; further Russian advance in Kharkov sector.

Burma.—Aerodrome at Akyab bombed by R.A.F.

China.—Japs entered Tengueh in Yunnan.

Home.—Slight enemy activity off E. and S.W. coasts ; two bombers shot down.

MAY 16, Saturday *987th day*

Air.—Daylight fighter sweeps over N. France.

Russian Front.—Germans claim to have occupied Kerch town and harbour.

Africa.—Benghazi and Berka raided by R.A.F.

Mediterranean.—Five enemy aircraft shot down over Malta.

Burma.—U.S. bombers raided aerodrome at Myitkyina.

India.—Japs bombed town in E. Assam.

Australasia.—Surprise attack by Allied bombers on aerodrome at Lae.

General.—Announced that more than 2,000 regular officers and cadets of Dutch Army have been sent to prison camps.

MAY 17, Sunday *988th day*

Air.—Coastal Command aircraft attacked Prinz Eugen off Norwegian coast by night.

Russian Front.—Russians continue to advance round Kharkov ; stubborn fighting reported on Kerch Peninsula.

Africa.—Raids by R.A.F. bombers on Benghazi and camps in Mekila and Tengeder areas.

Malta.—Nine enemy aircraft destroyed over Malta.

Burma.—Intense fighting continued on Burma Road.

Australasia.—Jap fighters attacking Port Moresby were intercepted.

MAY 18, Monday *989th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of H.M.S. Hollyhock (corvette).

Russian Front.—Russians still advancing in Kharkov area ; intense fighting in area of Kerch.

Africa.—Enemy camps and transport attacked by R.A.F. fighters.

Mediterranean.—Ten enemy aircraft destroyed and five damaged over Malta.

Burma.—Japs land troops on both sides of Chindwin, near Kalewa.

China.—Japs engaged in new drive in Chekiang.

Home.—Small-scale air attacks on coastal districts of S. England.

General. — Rear-Adm. Sir Henry Harwood succeeds Sir Andrew Cunningham as C.-in-C. Mediterranean.

Large contingent of American troops arrive in N. Ireland.

MAY 19, Tuesday *990th day*

Air.—Powerful force of R.A.F. bombers attacked Mannheim by night ; submarine base at St. Nazaire also raided.

Russian Front.—Further Russian advance on Kharkov front. Germans started offensive operations in Izyum-Barvenkovo direction, S.E. of Kharkov.

Burma.—R.A.F. kept up raids on Myitkyina and Akyab aerodromes.

Home.—Sharp night attack on N.E. coast town.

General.—Five Jewish hostages shot in Paris for attacks on German soldiers.

MAY 20, Wednesday *991st day*

Russian Front.—Russian offensive continued in Kharkov region ; German attacks repulsed in Barvenkovo sector ; fighting still going on in east of Kerch Peninsula.

Mediterranean.—Fleet Air Arm attacked enemy convoy off Malta.

Burma.—R.A.F. attacked enemy troops at Kalewa and Akyab.

China.—Severe fighting continued in Chekiang. Japs made new landings at mouth of Min river, below Foochow.

Australasia.—Allied bombers attacked harbour of Dilli in Portuguese Timor. Jap fighters intercepted over Port Moresby.

MAY 21, Thursday *992nd day*

Sea.—Second Mexican tanker torpedoed off Brazilian coast.

Air.—In offensive patrols over N. France, Spitfires attacked shipping.

Russian Front.—Russian offensive continued round Kharkov ; German attacks in Izyum-Barvenkovo region beaten off ; fighting still going on in east of Kerch Peninsula.

Burma.—R.A.F. bombers raided Akyab aerodrome.

MAY 22, Friday *993rd day*

Russian Front.—Russians fought offensive battles and consolidated positions round Kharkov ; German attacks repulsed at Barvenkovo.

Africa.—Martuba and Derna aerodromes attacked by R.A.F. bombers.

Burma.—Akyab aerodrome attacked by Blenheim aircraft.

Australasia.—Allied aircraft bombed aerodromes at Lae and Rabaul. Announced that Allied submarines have sunk Jap cruiser and two cargo vessels.

MAY 23, Saturday *994th day*

Sea.—Washington Navy Dept. announce submarine attacks on three more U.S. ships in Gulf of Mexico.

Russian Front.—Russians announce evacuation of Kerch Peninsula. On Kharkov front Russians dug in ; German attacks in Barvenkovo area beaten off.

Africa.—Bomber and fighter activity increased over Cyrenaica. Derna landing ground bombed by R.A.F. and enemy transport at Martuba attacked by night.

Mediterranean.—Eleven enemy aircraft destroyed or damaged over Malta.

Australasia.—Allied aircraft bombed Lae aerodrome and attacked shipping at Amboina.

General.—Ten more hostages shot in Paris for attacks on German soldiers.

MAY 24, Sunday *995th day*

Russian Front.—Russians still fighting offensive engagements round Kharkov. German attacks at Barvenkovo repelled.

Africa.—Martuba, Tmimi and Benghazi bombed by R.A.F. during night.

China.—Heavy fighting in Chekiang.

Australasia.—Allied bombers raided Vunakanan aerodrome, S.E. of Rabaul.

General.—Broadcast from Germany announced execution of 14 German "Communists" in Mannheim.

MAY 25, Monday *996th day*

Russian Front.—Fierce attacks by enemy tanks and infantry in Isyum-Barvenkovo sector.

Africa.—Night attacks by R.A.F. on enemy landing grounds at Martuba and transport between Derna and Bomba.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. raided targets at Messina by night.

Burma.—U.S. bombers attacked Mingaladon and Rangoon.

China.—Heavy fighting round Kinhwa, capital of Chekiang.

Australasia.—Allied aircraft raided airfields at Rabaul and Lae. Jap flying boats raided Port Moresby by night.

MAY 26, Tuesday *997th day*

Sea.—Washington Navy Dept. announce destroyer Blakeley damaged by torpedo in Caribbean Sea.

Russian Front.—German tank and infantry attacks beaten off in Barvenkovo sector.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. again raided Messina by night.

Africa.—Enemy columns including tanks began advance eastward, but did not reach our main positions. R.A.F. attacked Tmimi, Martuba and Benghazi.

Burma.—Night raids on Mingaladon by U.S. bombers.

Australasia.—Jap flying boats again raided Port Moresby by night.

General.—Lieut.-Gen. H. H. Arnold, Chief of U.S. Army Air Force, and Rear-Adm. J. H. Towers, Chief of Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, arrived in England.

May 27, Wednesday *998th day*

Russian Front.—In Kharkov direction Russians consolidated positions ; in Izyum-Barvenkovo area fierce enemy attacks were repelled.

Africa.—Large enemy armoured force heavily engaged by our armoured forces N.E. of Bir Hakeim.

Australasia.—Jap fighters engaged over Port Moresby. Allied bombers raid Rabaul.

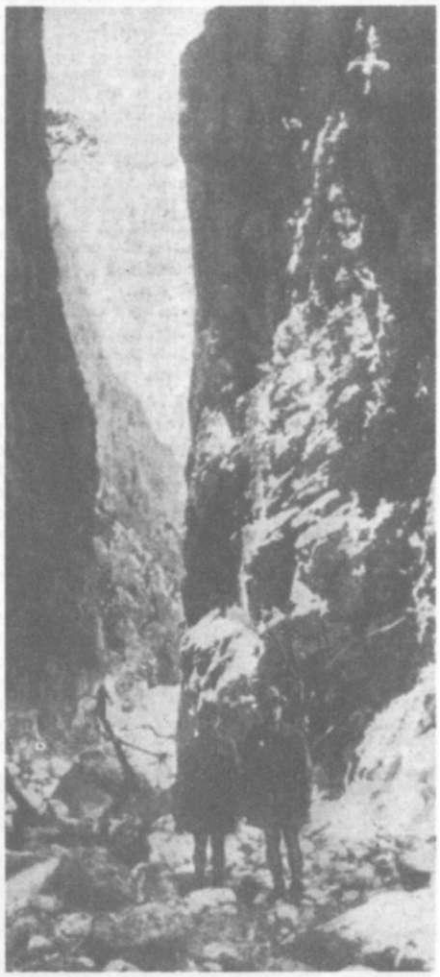
General.—Attempt on life of Heydrich at Prague leads to drastic reprisals in Czech Protectorate. As reprisal for murder of two Germans in Lithuania, 400 persons, mostly Poles, executed in Kovno.

Lieut.-Gen. B. B. Somervell, Chief of U.S. Army Supply Services, arrived here.

Maj.-Gen. E. L. SPEARS, Britain's Minister-Plenipotentiary to Lebanon, arriving at the Petit Serail, Beirut, to hand his credentials to President Naccache. Lebanon was proclaimed a Republic on Nov. 26, 1941, after being occupied by British and Free French Forces. *Photo, Keystone*

The Last Shot Has Not Been Fired in Crete

Although a year has passed since hostilities in Crete officially ended, many British soldiers whose retreat was cut off took to the mountains and, aided by native patriots, have continued the fight against the German invaders. News of some of our men "missing" on the island was confirmed by the publication in a German paper of certain photographs now reproduced in this page. They show, left, German Alpine troops advancing against British and Cretan patriots. Oval, Nazi troops interrogating two British soldiers captured with their Cretan comrades. Right, a ravine typical of the regions where fighting continues.



Beneath, three splendid types of Cretan patriots who fought on against the Nazi oppressor until they were taken prisoner, and, right, German soldiers warning local inhabitants of dire penalties should they give assistance to the British and Cretan guerillas. *Photos, Keystone*

The Home Guard Is Two Years Old

On May 14, 1942, the Home Guard celebrated its second birthday. Some account of the lively progress made by Britain's vigorous citizen army during the past year is here given by our Picture Editor, J. R. Fawcett Thompson, who has been a member of the force since its inception.

"Yours is a great responsibility, having in mind the vital part you have to take in the security of the United Kingdom. The test has yet to come, and when it does the strain on our endurance and on our faith will be great. It will call for the best that is in us of courage and self-confidence." In these solemn words did Lt.-Gen. Sir Bernard Paget, C.-in-C. Home Forces, pay tribute to the Home Guard on the occasion of its second anniversary.

Looking back at the work done and the improvements effected during the past twelve months, it is indeed abundantly clear that the progress made by the force in its second year has been as remarkable—if not, perhaps, as spectacular—as that which characterized 1940-1941. Under its able Director-General, Lord Bridgeman (who succeeded Maj.-Gen. T. R. Eastwood in May 1941), the Home Guard has gone ahead to such purpose that it is now an essential part of Britain's defences against invasion.

If and when the Home Guard goes into action, it will be against the picked troops of the enemy and the training its members are now receiving, based on a full realization of this harsh fact, is being directed to practising units in their battle role. The only advantage the Home Guard can claim over the fully-trained soldier is that he can fight on his own ground, and it is this great asset that must be exploited to the full.

While the force's main operational role has changed little since 1941, the scope of its activities has been enlarged to include the manning of certain anti-aircraft sites and coastal defence guns, thus freeing units of the regular army for service overseas. The former duties were first taken over on a restricted scale early in 1942, but so successfully were they carried out that the scheme was subsequently considerably extended. Recruiting for coastal defence work is about to begin, and there is little doubt that it will meet with an equally enthusiastic reception. A number of transport companies have been formed which will take over vehicles commandeered for military use in the event of invasion, while dispatch riders are now being specially trained under Army supervision. Particular attention has been paid to Intelligence, and all units now have specialist officers skilled in this vital work with contacts in their individual Companies. Close cooperation is preserved with the Police and Civil Defence authorities.

Early in 1942 an important change in organization was made that affected every Home Guard. This was the introduction of compulsion, which meant in effect that after February 16 no member could resign unless in exceptional circumstances, and that a maximum training period of 48 hours per month was obligatory. In addition, power was given in the event of enemy attack for units to be moved outside their own areas should the military situation so dictate. Though at first sight drastic and far-reaching, this alteration proved in practice to be advantageous as far as existing Home Guards were concerned. In point of fact, many thousands of them had for long been putting in more hours of duty than the required maximum, while what small degree of absenteeism there may have been almost disappeared under the new regulations. As regards the conscription of civilians into the Home Guard, the compulsory order has now been applied in all civil defence regions, and in many districts calling-up papers have already been sent out.

New Methods in Training

Since the summer of 1941 notable alterations and improvements have also been made in training, which now comes directly under the C.-in-C. Home Forces. Though the long, dark evenings of the past winter necessitated much time being spent indoors, the instruction and practice then given (e.g. weapons training, sand-table exercises, map-reading) were planned with the object of their being translated into action in the field at the first suitable opportunity. The most significant feature of the field operations themselves was the change over from purely defensive tactics to those of vigorous attack, in which the principle of "Fire and Movement" played a decisive part.

Of definite advantage to training was the recent decision to abolish the always unsatisfactory combined post of Quartermaster and Adjutant, and appoint separate officers for each function. So much good work was done through the year by the two War Office Schools—one in England and the other in Scotland—for battalion, company and platoon commanders, that a third is to be formed shortly in the Midlands which will be capable of handling 70 students at a time for a week's course. For the vast majority of Home Guards, however, it is impossible to get away for a week at a time, and to a proportion of these five Travelling Wings, operating mainly in country districts, have brought instruction on the spot: this arrangement has so well proved its worth that the number of Wings is to be increased to 27. Also planned for the near future is the long-needed establishment of Street-Fighting Schools, an innovation that will receive a ready welcome, especially from city units. Great assistance has been given, too, by the intensive week-end courses energetically provided at the Command Weapon Training Schools, and no praise can be too high for the enthusiastic and hard-working instructors at these camps who have made special study of the Home Guard's peculiar problems and given of their best accordingly.

Cooperation with the Field Army has developed steadily during the year, and combined exercises have become a valuable and increasingly popular part of operational training. In certain areas, moreover, it has been found practical and mutually beneficial to affiliate the Home Guard to regular units.

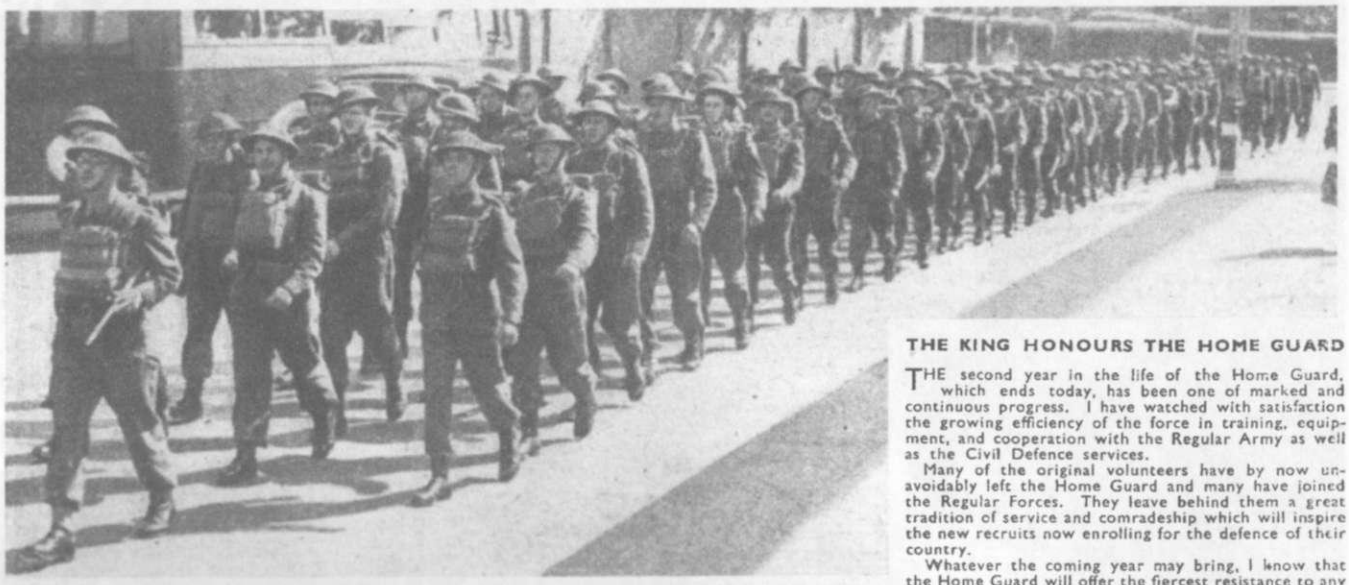
The position as regards equipment—that ever-present anxiety of the Home Guard—has undoubtedly improved in many directions, and the great majority of units are now fully supplied with clothing, steel helmets and anti-gas equipment. Webbing pouches, now being issued, meet a want of long standing. Most important of all, the supply of personal automatic weapons has certainly been accelerated in recent months—for which, considering the vast demands on the armament industry, the Home Guard should be doubly thankful. Furthermore, a new weapon—the machine-carbine—is being produced in quantity, and will replace to some extent the popular tommy-gun, the latter arm being concentrated in certain Commands only so as to facilitate repairs and replacements.

Four types of grenade are being provided in large numbers, while the Home Guard's two main anti-tank weapons, the Blacker Bombard and the Northover Projector, have by now been issued to many units.

Taking a comprehensive view, therefore, the past year must be recognized as one of steady increase in the fighting power and efficiency of Britain's citizen army, with every prospect of this notable progress being maintained through the months that lie ahead. Mr. Churchill's words to the Palace of Westminster unit when he inspected them on May 12, 1942, fittingly sums up the Home Guard today. "If in 1940," he said, "the enemy had descended suddenly in large numbers from the sky in different parts of the country, he would have found only little clusters of men, mostly armed with shotguns, gathered round our searchlight positions. But now, whenever he comes—if ever he comes—he will find, wherever he should place his foot, that he will immediately be attacked by resolute, determined men who have a perfectly clear intention and resolve, namely to put him to death or compel his immediate surrender."

PALACE OF WESTMINSTER Home Guard were inspected by the Prime Minister on the occasion of the Force's 2nd anniversary. "To invade this island by air," said Mr. Churchill, "is to descend in a hornets' nest . . . There is no part of that nest where the stings are more ready and their effective power to injure more remarkable than here in the ancient Palace of Westminster." *Photo, Topical*

Determined Men Resolved to Kill the Enemy



Smart, purposeful and efficient, the Home Guard have on occasion been justifiably mistaken for regulars. Here is a North-West London unit on the march. The Port of London Authority has its own unit (right, below) specially trained to protect the docks from assault by river.

THE KING HONOURS THE HOME GUARD

THE second year in the life of the Home Guard, which ends today, has been one of marked and continuous progress. I have watched with satisfaction the growing efficiency of the force in training, equipment, and cooperation with the Regular Army as well as the Civil Defence services.

Many of the original volunteers have by now unavoidably left the Home Guard and many have joined the Regular Forces. They leave behind them a great tradition of service and comradeship which will inspire the new recruits now enrolling for the defence of their country.

Whatever the coming year may bring, I know that the Home Guard will offer the fiercest resistance to any enemy who may set foot on these shores, and that its members will spare no effort to make themselves ever more ready for battle.

In order to mark my appreciation of the services given by the Home Guard with such devotion and perseverance, I have today assumed the appointment of Colonel-in-Chief of the force, and I send my best wishes to all its members.

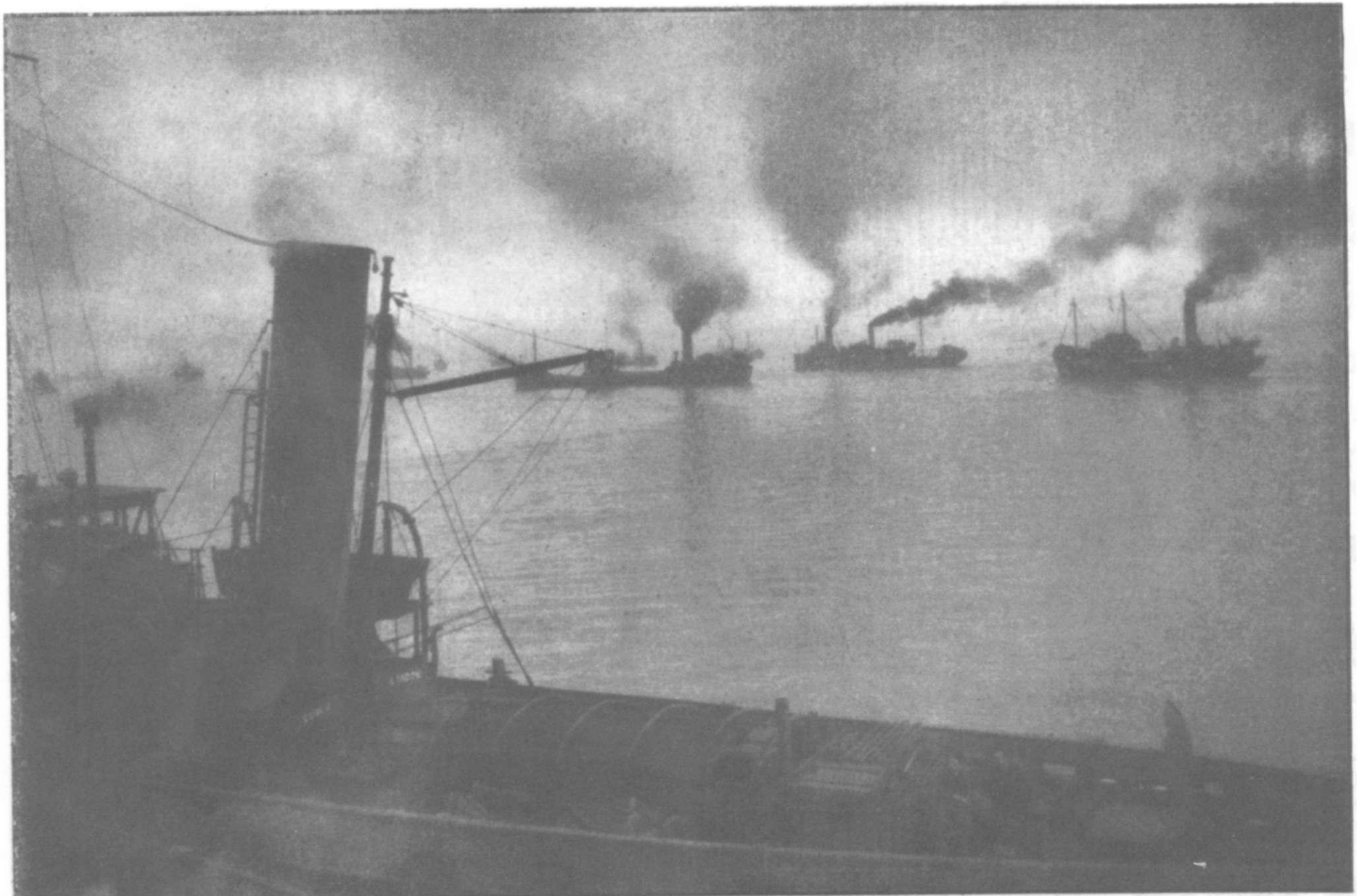
GEORGE R.I.

Special Army Order, May 13, 1942

Week-end camps form a most important part of Home Guard training, since the time available to members during the week itself is very limited. Under the watchful eye of an Army Sergeant-Instructor a class is here learning the mechanism of the tommy gun.

Dispatch Riders are now being trained for work at military H.Q. and in traffic control duties; above, a Signals Officer is giving instruction in map reading. Circle, West Country Home Guards are taking over field artillery for local defence.

Photos. British Official: Crown Copyright; Fredk. A. Cole, Fox, Topical

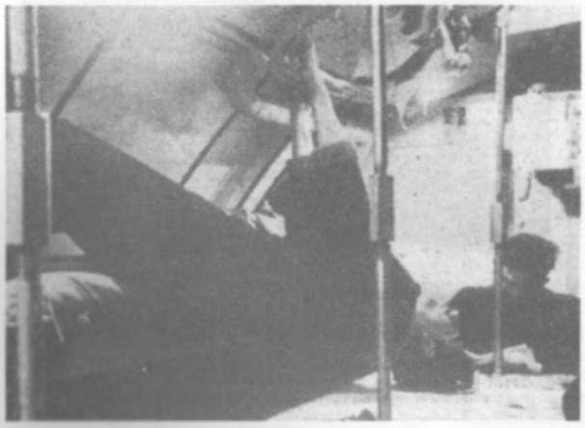


THE CONVOY LEAVES AT DAWN. Under protection of escorts, an R.A.F. umbrella and kite balloons, the ships outside a British port are about to take up their stations for their adventurous wartime voyage. The men of the "Red Duster" are at their posts, conscious that upon their patriotism and knowledge of the sea and ships the fate of Britain depends. Our Merchant Navy is a front spread over the Seven Seas. Let us never forget that behind these indomitable men and their motley collection of vessels the cause of freedom has survived, and that without their strength and courage all fronts might have fallen before the Nazi pestilence.

Photo, Central Press

Here's to the Heroes in Britain's 'Subs'!

VICTORY SMILES of Petty Officer H. Fright (left) and Able Seaman James Shanahan, two submarine heroes decorated recently at Buckingham Palace for service in the Tuna and Utmost respectively.



And so to bed, but inside the cramped quarters of a submarine it requires not a little acrobatic skill. A member of a submarine crew hoisting himself into the top bunk.

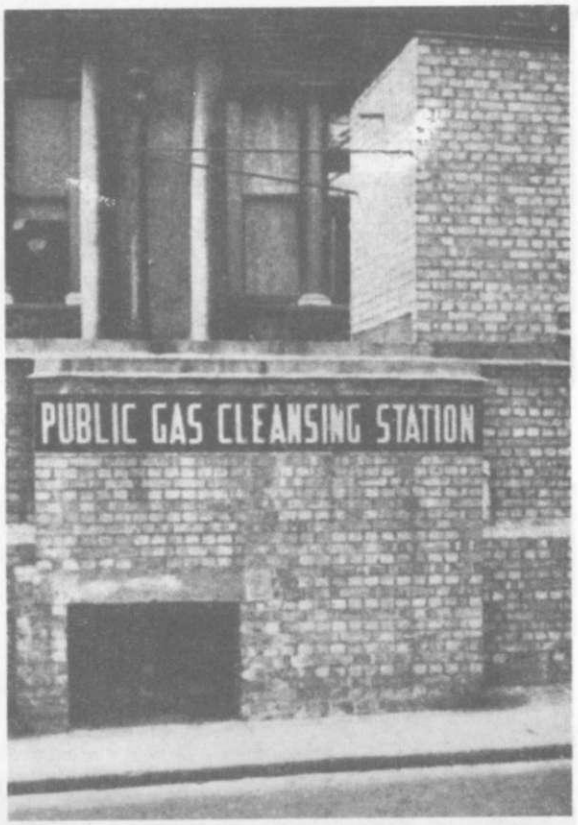
TRUE TO HER NAME, submarine Thunderbolt (originally the Thetis) has sunk two U-boats, five supply ships, scored six successful gun actions and other operations as marked on her Jolly Roger flag. Lieut. B. J. Andrew (centre), with the Thunderbolt's crew.

Lieut. J. S. WRAITH, D.S.O., D.S.C. (above, left) aboard the submarine Upright, back from a year's "nice work" in the Mediterranean, in the course of which she sank a floating dock, and shot down an enemy aircraft. Left, engine-room aboard a sub. seen through a watertight door.

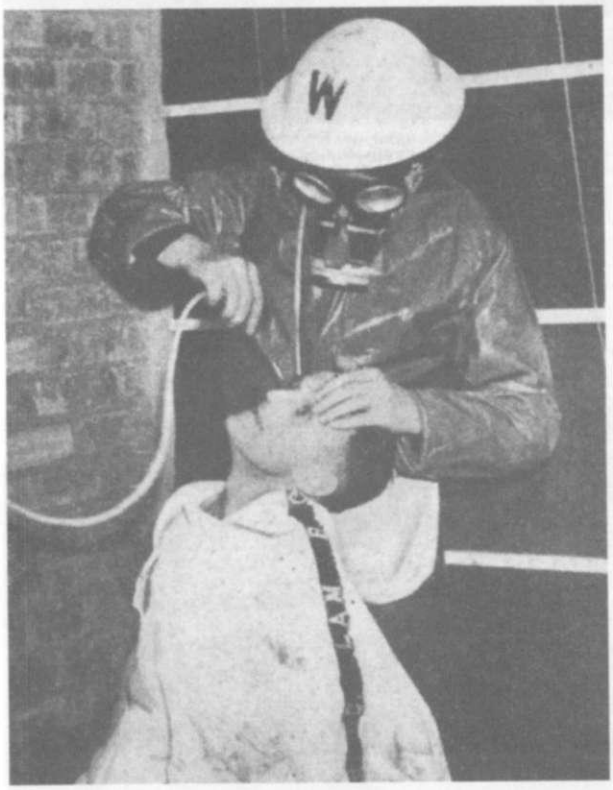
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Central Press, Keystone

'Knowing Our Hun' We Must Be Ready for Gas

TO THE RESCUE of a gas casualty in a wrecked basement. A realistic rehearsal during a demonstration by the members of the Lambeth A.R.P.



A public gas-cleansing station, now being provided by many local authorities in the event of Hitler's deciding to wage chemical warfare. Find out where your station is !



EYE DOUCHE attention as demonstrated recently by the Lambeth A.R.P. On the right, stripping and identifying clothing by the new pin method. It is essential that gas-contaminated clothing or boots should be put out of harm's way as soon as possible. The public are advised to assist the A.R.P. by studying the handbooks on gas. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. To be gas-conscious is part of the patriotic duty of the citizen.

Photos, Fox

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Went Down to Dover, England's Malta

If there is any town in England which could rival Malta it is surely Dover, which for two years has suffered almost continuous bombardment from the air or from the Nazi long-range guns little more than twenty miles away across the Channel. Here is what David Raymond of Reynolds News saw when he visited the ancient town a short time ago.

YESTERDAY I walked through deserted streets in this town of glaring whiteness. White cliffs, white barrage balloons, white seagulls, white surf, white gashes in the green downs, and a stark stillness in sun-bleached streets—one thought uncomfortably of Elroy Flecker's "long white Sunday that goes on and on."

Through a cottage doorway, over which a sign still said "Bed and Breakfast for Cyclists," I could see the blue sea and an ascending balloon. The balloon was the only thing that moved in this picture of frozen fantasy.

A lot of Dover is like that, but by no means all of it. By contrast, the main thoroughfares presented an almost normal appearance. (One has got used, of course, to the gaps where buildings used to be.) Buses shuttled busily back and fore, women in summery garments went about their shopping, greeting friends, chatting outside well-stocked windows. In a restaurant, nearly full, I was served with the best two-course hot luncheon I have had for a long time. Service was good and quick.

Dover's population is only a fraction of what it used to be. Those who have stayed are mostly engaged on war-necessary work. They have miraculously adapted themselves to living under the daily, nightly threat of bombing, shelling, dive-bombing.

At A.R.P. Headquarters Mr. Scutt, unpaid sub-controller (and a working man), told me:

"Nobody shouts about Dover although we've had a severe hammering here. But the people—and Dover is now a town of working people, the others have gone—have become bomb- and shell-conscious. They have learned to look after themselves. Most people here can now tell you which is a bomb and which a shell, when they hear a bang. They can distinguish enemy from our own aircraft. We have had bombardments lasting five hours at times, but our casualties have been relatively small because the population has cooperated with the authorities."

He added proudly: "We have never had homeless people in Dover—and you can see for yourself (he waved a hand towards the derelict district I had visited earlier) how many homes have been destroyed. We have never even had to put our Rest Centres into full use. The people have become communally minded. They help each other. They take one another in without waiting for the authorities to ask. The working people of Dover have been grand."

Like Malta, Dover is well equipped with underground shelters—deep shelters burrowed into the white chalk cliffs. They could, in a push, accommodate nearly 10,000 persons. One of them has been dug by Civil Defence workers, headed by four miners: and it runs into the cliff for nearly half a mile. The one I saw was dug during the last war. It was excavated as an experiment to gauge the time it would take sappers to drive a hole through Hill 60. . . . I was taken through it by young Councillor Bushell, a Labour man who is in charge of its maintenance. It can accommodate 1,600 persons safely. There are bunks for 500. One of the tunnels is used as an operating theatre and hospital, with up-to-date equipment on the spot, and electrically heated water.

The shelter has its own auxiliary power plant for use if the main supply is cut off. A canteen is open every night for light, hot refreshment. A kitchen is kept going capable of cooking more substantial meals if necessary. Mobile vans, too, served from British Restaurants make a nightly round of the shelters during blitzes.

During raids most of Dover's population use these shelters. At night, the whole town goes underground. As I came away, women were bringing their bundles of bedding, ready for the night, laying them out to air in the sun. Also underground, I saw what was described to me as one of the most up-to-date of gas decontamination centres.

Incidentally, more people were carrying their gas masks in Dover than I have seen elsewhere. Dover takes no chances. The Nazis are only three minutes away by air. Many miners live in Dover, working in the adjacent coalfield. During blitzes, so I was told, some of them would come home, wash, and go straight down the shelter to join their families, spending the day and night underground. In a black pit by day, in a white pit by night!

Many shops are equipped with shelters for their staffs and customers. If a shell comes over without warning, people in the streets wait for no siren. They go flat down on their tummies just where they are. But they carry on unless things are actually dropping. In fact, their growing indifference to danger is a cause of new concern to the authorities. Thus, too many people are bringing back their evacuated children.

Air-raid damage in Dover, whose population have "taken it" almost continuously for two years. They have, in fact, become used to living under daily and nightly bombing, shelling and dive-bombing. *Photo, Keystone*

VETERANS WITH A V, such are the inhabitants of Dover, Britain's own Malta. Here is a typical group of women waiting for a bus. At any moment they might be under fire, for the town is right in Britain's front line. How Dover carries on is described in this page. *Photo, Associated Press*

From Hongkong I Marched With Chinese Guerillas

Among the fortunate few who escaped from Hongkong in Admiral Chan Chak's party on Christmas Day 1941 (see p. 636) was Mr. E. M. MacDougall, of the staff of the Ministry of Information. Here is his own story, reproduced through the courtesy of China at War and the North American Newspaper Alliance.

OUR escape from Hongkong meant breaking through three Japanese circles: the ring of troops thrown around the island itself, the sea blockade, and the ring formed by the Japanese army in South China.

It was in surmounting the last of these obstacles that we came to know and to honour the Chinese irregulars who glory in the name of guerillas. For days we marched with them, sometimes almost within speaking distance of Japanese troops, and none of us had any fear. We knew we were in safe hands. The guerillas guided us and cared for us and brought us safely to our destination with the assuredness of homing pigeons.

What do the guerillas of Kwangtung look like? The average guerilla is a well-set-up youth, lithe and lean, dressed in black clothes, a felt hat of dark colour, and light rubber shoes. Over his shoulder he slings his blanket, and around his waist is strapped a Mauser pistol, his most prized possession. He seems to carry food and to live off the country. Wherever he goes, it is obvious even to the stranger that he has the full confidence of the countryfolk who welcome and feed him. We were told that villagers will often themselves go short in order that the guerillas may eat and be well taken care of. We noticed, too, that all youngsters in villages through which we passed clustered in voluble admiration around our protectors. Ammunition belts were fingered and examined and then reverently handed back to the esteemed guerillas.

Mostly the guerillas were village lads, and their families were securely hidden in the

neighbourhood. Their prime aim in life was to spot a Japanese detachment far from its base at nightfall. "We march until it is almost dark," one of them told me, "and then we make a detour in the hills and get ahead of the enemy, who doesn't know we are within 50 miles. We choose a suitable spot and wait; and then, as the Japanese walk into our trap——" Here he lifted his Mauser at his imaginary victims. I asked him what happened if there were a great many Japanese. His face broke into a sly smile. "We wait," he said, "and watch and we pick one here and one there." Again the Mauser flashed in youthful hands in a gesture of death. "Are there any Fifth Columnists in this area? Does anyone ever tell the enemy where you are?" I asked. He looked at me in some surprise. "Why, no!" he said. "In this country everyone owes allegiance to the Generalissimo's Government at Chungking. If we find any traitors, we would naturally execute them. No one tells the Japanese anything. When they come, our families shoot them."

The country through which we marched had been the scene of much guerilla fighting. Our party knew it like the backs of their hands. In this gully, they told us, they had a year ago trapped ten Japanese. On that hill they had lost three men, but near the springs they had shot seven. The guerilla at whose side I mostly marched was a lad of 16 from Kwangchowwan, who had left school when he was 13 because he thought it dull, and because there were Japanese to fight. He had been with the Kwangtung guerillas for nearly a year, and claimed nine Japanese victims. "Do you know what the Japanese fear more than anything in the world?" he asked me, patting his Mauser pistol affectionately. "They fear the voice of this by night."

I asked him about prisoners, and he told me that few prisoners were taken on either side. "When the Japanese catch one of our men, do you know what they do? They put lighted cigarettes all over his face and kill him slowly. When we take one of them, we cut off his head immediately."

Japanese Trail of Destruction

Guerilla fighting is not pretty, and the village patriots who bear the brunt of it in the lonely hills know the risks they run. You do not have to be told these days where the Japanese have been in China. The mark of their march lies over the countryside like a blight. Untilled fields and ruined villages are their signatures. "But never mind," exclaimed my young guerilla, "one day soon we'll clear them all out and have peace again, maybe a year from now."

Another said to me as we walked: "Do you know we are all brothers now? Your country and mine both fight against the Japanese, and that makes you and your friends and me and my friends brothers."

The science of guerilla fighting as developed and practised by these soldiers of China seems to depend largely on speed of movement and complete knowledge of the enemy's strength and route. By long habit they can walk all day and all night without rest. They travel light and they travel silently. Their scouts are everywhere, and their assault depends always on surprise. All their tales of encounters with the enemy end on a gleeful, laughing note: "And the Japanese never knew we were there until the bullets began to fly."

One night it was necessary for us to march for 30 miles. The British members of the party, being mostly sailors and unaccustomed to marching, suffered greatly from fatigue, and at the end could scarcely drag one foot past the other. To the guerillas, who were as fresh as paint and ready to march, if necessary, another 30 miles, this was an amazing state of affairs. I heard one whisper to another: "The Europeans walk very slowly and they stumble very often. Are they tired?" "Perhaps, but these have marched little more than 30 miles. If they are tired, it is because they wear those great heavy leather boots. No man could walk in those affairs."

The beliefs and hopes of these gallant fighters are very simple: "We know our Generalissimo has the measure of these Japanese, and he will strike when the time is ripe. Meanwhile, we bust their communications, kill their stragglers, and make everything as dangerous and difficult for them as we can. But best of all we love to see an enemy detachment caught far from its base with night coming on." And they patted their Mausers and grinned, and nodded to one another in brotherly understanding.

My Visit to Stalin's Young Soldiers

The visit to the new Russian armies in training behind the southern front which The Daily Express correspondent, Alaric Jacob, describes below left him in no doubt as to the troops' fine quality and high morale.

THE Red Army did me a great honour. During a tour of 1,000 miles, visiting units who have either fought on the southern front already or else are training hard before doing so, a parade was arranged in my honour. I was asked to take the salute. With the Soviet officer I marched on to the parade ground. The senior officer called in a loud voice: "To you, comrades," to which the parading troops responded in a voice which shook the heavens: "May you live long!"

This ceremonial over, the march past began. There was no band, but the men's voices provided marching music. The leading officer began with a solo, and then the whole company burst into vigorous marching song. They marched with arms swinging wide across the body—two companies of them. They marched and counter-marched, singing as though to burst their lungs. Their artistry was such that their two themes never clashed, but blended into a diapason which suggested illimitable confidence and power.

RED ARMY RESERVES armed with automatic rifles on parade during a review. The enthusiasm of the newly trained soldiers coming into the line on the East Front, singing as they march, is not the least inspiring fact about Russia's war for freedom. A ceremonial review is described in this page.

Photo, Ministry of Information

Confidence in their own power. That is the keynote of the Red Army. These men are splendidly equipped. Their transport has seen hard wear. But mark this: all the trucks have new tires. Just before the parade I saw one convoy of big new American trucks go through, driven fully loaded from the disembarkation point hundreds of miles away by Soviet troops.

Consistent in their policy of utter secrecy, which has certainly paid high dividends so far, I have not been permitted to enter the Caucasus proper, but today I am nearer to this vital area than any other foreign correspondent before me. And what do I see? That the troops the Russians have in reserve are not only great in numbers, but fine in quality.

They are by no means a corps d'élite, but ordinary infantry, tank and cavalry units, recruited in all parts of the Union—Georgia, Armenia, Turkestan, as well as Russia proper. Yet individually and collectively they make a finer impression than picked troops of the German Afrika Korps, whom I saw by the hundred just after being made prisoners in Libya, with all the swagger and jauntiness still in them.

We must throw out the absurd notion that Soviet troops, though very efficient, are somehow rougher and readier than Western armies. Far from it. They do not spit and polish, but a sturdier and more vital body of men no army can boast. In manner they are affable but dignified, quick to smile, disciplined, but without the servility so repulsive among the Germans.

To become an officer you have got to be intelligent, so only high-school graduates can qualify. However, since high-school education is growing, and ten years' tuition is open to all and entirely free, everyone has an equal chance.

Many women are in uniform. The one watching the parade wears a captain's pip, with a revolver slung on her hip. She is an engineer. The widespread belief that Soviet women are actually fighting in the front line is untrue. Most are doctors and medical orderlies, and do all the work of the R.A.S.C. It is not true that girls are flying fighters or bombers.

After the parade we inspected the barracks. Each dormitory is spotlessly clean, beds have plenty of blankets and white pillow-cases, and each runs its own wall newspaper. Pictures of the national leaders decorate the walls. These are also adorned with red-painted slogans, e.g. "Greetings to all peoples fighting with us against Fascism," "Fight to the death for the Soviet Fatherland."

The Colonel Calls for Music

When you see films of the Red Army marching to battle singing like an operatic chorus, don't imagine there is anything stage-managed about it. I even saw a squad marching off on fatigue duty carolling like a Cossack choir. The proportion of musical instruments among the troops is as high as the proportion of tommy-guns—and that is plenty. When I commented on the profusion of guitars and balalaikas hanging on the walls, the colonel, an old soldier with a humorous eye, and wearing the Order of the Red Banner, won in the civil war, slapped his thigh and exclaimed: "Right. Let's have some music."

He ordered an officer to call for volunteers among the men. Everyone wanted to be on this parade. Moving into the barrack yard we found the troops already forming a circle, in the midst of which two or three were tuning up accordions and guitars.

Then, with complete lack of self-consciousness, one after another they played and danced Ukrainian, Georgian and Russian dances. One captain from Leningrad called out, dissatisfied: "Come, lads, we can improve on that," and jumped into the ring. In spite of the heavy top boots he was wearing, he got up on his points like a ballerina, then down on his haunches, doing the famous kick-step.

When the colonel called, "Enough of dancing. Let's have some songs out of you," an impromptu choir formed and began a song with a rousing chorus, called "Three Tank Men went to the War to Fight Against the Hun." Then they went on to the older Red Army favourites, concluding with the "Hymn of the Bolshevik."

I thanked the colonel for the honour he had done me, and said how much I had enjoyed the Red Army's music, and that I would have much to tell when I returned to the Western desert. The colonel replied: "Give the Red Army's greeting to the Allies in the desert, and tell them we will beat finer and louder music yet out of Fascist hides!"

SOUTH AFRICAN TROOPS, bayonets and grenades ready, searching the ruins of Sollum, Libya, for any enemy that may be in hiding. Writing of British Tommies, an officer on General Rommel's staff described them as "incredibly brave." Extracts from letters discovered on his body are printed in this page. *Photo, British Official*

What I Dislike Most Are Those Tommy Patrols!

Not long ago some letters, written by a German officer shortly before his death in action, were picked up on the Libyan battlefield. They came into the hands of Mr. Leonard Mosley, Sunday Times War Correspondent in the Middle East, who translated some of the most interesting passages.

I was allowed to read and translate these letters of "Capt. Blank," whom I knew in Germany before the war. Thirty years old and a professional soldier, he was attached to the Foreign Ministry in Berlin right up to the outbreak of war. In Germany he was regarded as among the best type of officer in the new Reichswehr, and when he died from a British machine-gun bullet he was a member of General Rommel's personal staff. Here are some of his comments since he arrived in North Africa.

On the Libyan Battlefront.—It is a bitter thought that I should be here this day, August 1941, sweating like a pig, with bad food, uneatable because of the pestilential flies, when I thought by this time I would be triumphant in Britain.

Why we should have chosen to bring the English to their heels in this horrible desert rather than by way of the Dover cliffs is beyond me. I long to be back in Germany again.

On General Rommel.—It was one of his mornings today, and he was changeable and short-tempered. He is a curious man, sometimes with all the attributes of a great soldier, sometimes childishly petty and indecisive. I hope his plans will carry through, but the Tommies are masters of this desert. They seem to like its heat and dust. I hope we'll trap the wily fellows soon.

On Italians.—How we all, from the General down, despise these pompous, incompetent cockerels. Three days ago one of our patrols returning to our lines was shot up from the rear and six were killed. Italian troops near the place said it was a Tommy desert group, but I don't believe it. That's all they are fit for—stabs in the back. I hate and loathe these café waiters in their gorgeous uniforms.

Yesterday a bold Tommy submarine rose outside Benghazi and shelled two Italian transports. Our Allies had their revenge today and shot down a plane over the town—a Junkers 88.

And later.—British prisoners were being taken back to our lines yesterday when they were held up among a group of Italian troops. Two Tommies tried to escape and raced up the road. A German officer chased them and fired over their heads, and what did these cockerels do? A whole Italian gun crew leaped out of their trench and surrendered with their hands up—to two Tommy prisoners.

On the Last Libyan Campaign.—Things are not going well. These fellows are amazing. They never know when they are beaten. The General says everything is all right. If so, why are only half our forces here, and why are we retreating?

What I dislike are those Tommy patrols. Yesterday one actually had the impudence to raid our G.H.Q. Luckily, I was away with the General at Derna, but they killed Werner and destroyed my files. They left a terrible mess. When will they strike again and how?

On the R.A.F.—I have just sent out a notice on the orders of the General telling the troops in the south that they will soon have air superiority again and that our planes are concentrating on the Indians in the north. I don't know what the Italians in the north are being told.

They are hitting hard and well, these Tommy planes. Yesterday it was a dump at Barce. Today it was our stores—all our Christmas coffee and 30,000 litres of wine, beer, and spirits smashed into the sand by those infernal bombs.

On British Tommies.—They are incredibly brave. I spoke to some today. They refused to answer my questions and no amount of tricks or persuasion would change their minds. I hope our troops do the same.

Editor's Postscript

IN all the competing plans for rebuilding our devastated towns and villages, in which I take a very tepid interest while the War is still raging, I sincerely hope that Ruskin's harmful advice to Victorian builders will be completely ignored. "Build your house as though it were to last for ever." No greater hindrance to the domestic comfort of the majority of the inhabitants in our built-up areas, if these were built in Victorian times, could be imagined. The destruction of thousands of these old structures will yet prove a blessing in disguise. Their builders kept too close to Ruskin's pernicious advice. Why should our houses last for ever? We don't! Few houses, apart from the mansions of the great and noble, that have stood for a hundred years, are good today for anything but pulling down. There are lots of council houses better adapted to notions of modern comfort than thousands of badly designed, inconvenient but solidly built Victorian dwellings that have degenerated into slums just because the horrid things *were* strong enough to last for ever—but for Hitler.

I WAS glad to read some while back that at least one experienced architect had had the courage to oppose this Ruskinian nonsense (though he did not associate Ruskin's name with what he opposed) and take his stand for building lightly constructed but entirely up-to-date dwellings that need not last for much more than thirty years, when they could give way to new buildings that would embody later scientific improvements not yet devised. It was Mr. Donald Gibson, Coventry's City Architect, who advanced this revolutionary idea for housing the populace, and his own skill in quick construction can already be seen in the efficient temporary rebuilding of his "coventrated" city. The number of people in these islands who have tenanted the same house for thirty years is extremely small, but I apprehend an economic difficulty arising, as an estimated duration of thirty years for the homes fit for British heroes to live in is rather near the opposite extreme from the "for ever" ideal. New houses, however, like new clothes, have an exhilarating effect on most people.

ONE of the simplest ways to waste paper is provided by those gold mining companies who from time to time console their shareholders (whose certificates all too often are apt to rank as waste paper) with elaborate reports and plans of the mining operations for the past twelve months. I have just been favoured with such a report and plan from a sound and prospering concern which absorbed a less fortunate company in which I was an original holder and granted me a number of its own shares in exchange for my original holding. The report, which not one shareholder in a hundred will find time to read, or having read would fully understand, contains 16 pages measuring 7 ins. by 10 ins. The plan is printed in four colours on expensive map paper 3 ft. 4 ins. wide by 2 ft. 3 ins. high! Surely this is quite needless waste. Most of those who received this elaborate literary and cartographic contribution would bung it unread into the waste basket. The blank back of the map yielded me 16 pages royal octavo, which I shall use for writing some of my articles. For this small favour I return thanks, but I feel that here is a wasteful use of good white paper that ought not to be sanctioned by the Controller.

THAT venerable saw "the nearer the kirk the farther from grace" has a new application today. The nearer your house to a church (especially a cathedral) the nearer you are to bomb danger. I have seen within the last few days some bomb damage on the South Coast, and it was quite evident that (lacking every sort of military object) the beastly young Huns sent over on tip-and-turn raids had deliberately aimed at three churches in widely different parts of the town. One of these, a fine modern edifice, they got plumb in the centre and turned it into a picturesque ruin within five or ten minutes. The other two were very "near misses," but residences standing close by were destroyed, in one case three good houses going down to the one bomb. Long ago I saw a clumsy Nazi try for a railway station and hit a church about a furlong beyond it. He probably got a "highly commended" for that. In coastal towns or country villages the churches are clearly regarded by these cowards of the clouds as attractive targets.

"EQUALITY of Sacrifice." One reads often about this, sometimes with a little misgiving. Although it is amusing to hear a man whose total financial assets might be covered by a tenner tell another whose income tax may have jumped up to twelve or fifteen shillings in the pound: "Well, we're all in the same boat, ole man," I suppose there is equality of a sort; each is losing according to his means, and the cheery chappie who is hard-up and happy is losing as much as he has got to lose, which is nil. A correspondent signing himself "Working Proprietor," in a letter to Truth, mentions that his income is "a little less than three times" the amount he has to pay his warehouse foreman. But his income tax is "sixty-six and a half times" that paid by the foreman. I rather gather that when the foreman says to him "we're all in the same boat, guv'nor" a colour floods his vision that is redder than a rose in June. We may be all in the same boat, but some of us have to pull a heavier oar than others. But, of course, some of us possess financial muscles that are stronger than those of other oarsmen.

READING the other night The Scene is Changed, that delightful account of his happy adventures in the world of the theatre at home and abroad, by Mr. Ashley Dukes, author of The Man With a Load of Mischief, I was amused at his reactions to the German inflationary period twenty years ago. He was in Berlin in the summer of 1922 and though living luxuriously "found it hard to spend two pounds a week" on account of the debasement of the mark, but could not feel it to be pleasing or satisfying in any way! "The sense of robbing a nation by some economic process is ever present," he writes. What misdirected sympathy! The robbers were the Germans, who were then engaged in paying off millions of foreign debts in debased marks. Admittedly the German investor in national securities suffered equally by having his so-called securities repaid at a time when an investment of £500 had suddenly become worth a pound or so . . . And it was not Hitler nor the Nazis who thought out that dirty trick. This is a thing to bear in mind when your sympathy with the anti-Nazi is canvassed. There are anti-Nazis who are no more our friends than any Hitlerite. I commend to Mr. Ashley Dukes' attention The Greatest Swindle in the World by G. Borsky, and especially Lord Vansittart's brilliant preface to that exposure of the swindling Germans who paved Hitler's way.

NOT long ago I spent some days in the company of a very successful man of business. The most remarkable thing I learned from him was that although he was turned sixty he had never carried a watch! Surely there are not many like him in this respect. I cannot imagine how he has been able to get along all these years without this prime necessity of organized life. To acquire a watch was one of the first ambitions of my boyhood and I have possessed all sorts in my time from a five shilling Ingersoll to a £25 "hunter"; but for a number of years—certainly forty—since the once famous cartoonist F. C. G. showed me the merits of the wrist watch "I have used no other." The journalist's life is largely a race against time, and I am plunged in misery if I have ever to get through a day watchless. Perhaps that's why there's a shade of envy in discovering a man who is successfully wandering through life regardless of the flying hours.

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